Cambria Freeman.

M. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME VII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 2, 1873. NUMBER 15.

New Advertisements.

...for new and startling book. The ...by the author of "God in ...Illustrated by Dore and ...eminent divines. ...B. THRALL, Pub., 805 Broadway, N. Y.

...MALE OR FEMALE, $60 a week guaranteed. Re... at home, day or evening; ...full instructions and valu... of goods sent free by mail. Ad... return stamp, M. YOUNG ...st., N. Y.

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...YEARS IN AFRICA! ...$2.50. Incomple and infe... proof of the greatest success ...Book. Companion worth $10 ...HAZARD BROS., Publishers, ...Philadelphia.

...LIGHT RUNNING ...Sewing Machine ...the BEST in the WORLD! ...for circular. Address: ...SEWING MACHINE CO., N.Y.

...For the great sensation ...of hygienic literature, ...or, ...FRIEND'S SECRET. ...work is an immense success. ...and precious health, and ...and grow fat on $1 a week, ...money and doing a world of ...not, but address at once ...MACHAN, Publisher, Philadelphia.

...NEVER ...Nothing is more certain to ...future evil consequences. ...CARBOLIC TABLETS ...all diseases of the Respira... throat, Colds, Croup, Dip... Hoarseness, Dryness ...Tube, or Bronchial Tubes, ...Lungs. ...sold, however taken, ...promptly and freely ...circulation of blood, ...attack, and will, in ...by action to the ...CARBOLIC TABLETS are put up only ...substitutes. If they ...your druggists, send at once ...Don't be Deceived by Imi... druggists. Price 25 cts. per box. ...KELLOGG, 18 Platt-st., N. York. ...Sole Agent for U. States.

1,000,000 Acres ...CHEAP FARMS.

...Land in Market, for sale by the ...PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPY, ...GREAT PLATTE VALLEY. ...Acres in Central Nebraska ...in tracts of 40 acres and upwards ...Ten Years' Credit at 6 per cent. No ...interest required. ...AND HEALTHFUL CLIMATE, FERTILE ...AND WELL WATERED LANDS. ...BEST MARKET IN THE WEST! The ...Rising regions of Wyoming, Colorado, ...Nevada, being supplied by the farm... ...Platte Valley.

...LIERS Entitled to a HOMESTEAD ...OF 160 ACRES. ...BEST LOCATIONS FOR COLONIES. ...HOMES FOR ALL! Millions of Acres ...ernment Lands open for entry ...the Homestead Law, near this Great ...with good markets and all the conve... old settled country. ...to purchasers of Railroad Land. ...Maps, showing the land, also new ...descriptive Pamphlet with New Maps ...everywhere. Address ...O. F. DAVIS, ...Commissioner, U. P. R. R., OMAHA, NEB.

...POINTS WANTED FOR THE ## ...DEVELOPED WEST ...—OR,— ...YEARS IN THE TERRITORIES. ...By C. H. BEADLE, ...Editor Cincinnati Commercial ...the history of that vast region ...Missouri and the Pacific: Its Re... Inhabitants, Natural Curiosi... and adventure on Prairies, ...the Pacific Coast. Mr. Beadle ...has traveling in the new States ...and knows more about their ...than any other writer. The ...to over 250 fine engra... Cities, Lands, Mines, Peo... of the Great West, and is ...selling book ever published. ...pages and circulars, with ...NATIONAL PUBLISHING ...Pa.

...GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN ## ...NURUBEBA ## ...BLOOD PURIFIER ...known purifier. It will ...and thoroughly destroy all ...in the Blood and will ef... disposition to bilious de... ...in your Liver and Spleen ...at once, the blood becomes im... secretions, producing scrof... Blotches, Felons, Pus... &c., &c. ...Stomach? Unless diges... the system is debilitated ...forces, poverty of the Blood, ...General Weakness or Las... ...youthful vigor to weary sufferers. ...of the Intestines? You are ...Diarrhœa or the dreadful ...of the Bowels. ...of the Uterine or Urinary ...must procure instant relief or ...to suffering worse than death. ...drowsy, dull, sluggish or de... ...with head ache, back ache, ...and bad tasting mouth? ...certain remedy for all of these diseases, ...troubles; for cleansing and ...the vitiated blood and imparting vig... ...the forces; for building up and restor... ...constitution, USE ...JURUBEBA, ...pronounced by the leading medical ...of London and Paris "the most pow... ...alterative known to the medi... This is the new and untried discov... ...has been long used by the leading phy... ...other countries with wonderful reme... ...and repair the digestive organs ...Dyspepsia. They give only tem... ...Indigestion, flatulency and dys... ...piles and kindred diseases, are sure ...their use. ...and pure and health is assured. ...KELLOGG, 18 Platt St., N. Y., ...Sole Agent for the United States. ...Dollar per Bottle. Send for Circular.

...DICK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebs... ...Pa. Office in front room of T. ...new building, Centre street. All ...of legal business attended to satisfac... ...collections a specialty. [10-1y.]

$50,000 FOR $2!

GRAND GIFT CONCERT

Of The Mercantile Library Association

Of the City of Leavenworth, Kan.

In accordance with an act of the *Legislature* and their Articles of Incorporation, the *Board of Directors* announce their first

Grand Gift Concert and Distribution by lot, among the ticket-holders, of **$332,555 IN CASH,** at *Laing's Hall*, Leavenworth, on the 25th day of June, 1873, for the benefit of the Library.

51,933 CASH GIFTS, AMOUNTING TO $332 555.

This enterprise is endorsed by the Governor, Secretary of State, Auditor of State, Superintend't of Public Instruction, Treasurer of State, Mayor and Common Council of Leavenworth, and all leading business men of the State, and the certainty of the distribution and payment of gifts, as advertised, is fully guaranteed.

TICKETS $2 EACH. 3 for $5. 6 for $10.

Memorandum of Cash Gifts to be distributed June 25th, 1873:

1 GRAND CASH GIFT	$50,000
1 GRAND CASH GIFT	40,000
1 GRAND CASH GIFT	35,000
1 GRAND CASH GIFT	30,000
1 GRAND CASH GIFT	25,000
1 GRAND CASH GIFT	20,000
1 GRAND CASH GIFT	15,000
1 GRAND CASH GIFT	12,500
1 GRAND CASH GIFT	10,000
1 *Grand Cash Gift*	8,000
1 *Grand Cash Gift*	5,000
1 *Grand Cash Gift*	3,000
1 *Grand Cash Gift*	2,500

For balance of prizes send for circular.

This concert is under the supervision and direction of the following

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—C. H. Durfee, Merch't; H. L. Newman, Banker; H. D. Bush, Lumber; H. W. Gillett, Merchant; G. F. Prescott, Commercial; Jas. B. Kitchen, Farmer; W. C. Gould, City Eng'r; P. G. Lowe, Capitalist; C. R. Morehead, Merchant; J. L. Wever, M. D.; J. W. English, Lawyer; C. Moller, Cash'r Ger. S. B.; E. T. Carr, Architect.

OFFICERS—E. H. DURFEE, President; H. L. NEWMAN, Vice-Pres.; GEO. F. PRESCOTT, Sec.; CARL MOLLER, Treasurer.

The well known character of the Directors of the *Mercantile Library Association* and the endorsement presented, is a sufficient guarantee to all absent ticket-holders that their interests will be fully guarded and protected. All correspondence strictly confidential, and any person drawing a prize need not be known unless they desire it. Tickets drawing prizes will be cashed on sight.

This is the *grandest, safest* and best enterprise ever presented to the public. Official lists of winning numbers will be sent to purchasers of tickets immediately after the distribution.

For information and tickets address,

BAMBERGE & CO., *General Agents*,
95 LIBERTY STREET, NEW YORK.

Tickets sent C. O. D. at our expense.

Agents wanted. Liberal Commissions paid.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

—In accordance with an Act of the General Assembly of this Commonwealth, approved the 8th day of April, A. D. 1872, "relating to the collection of taxes in the County of Cambria," notice is hereby given to the tax-payers residing in the districts named below, that the County Treasurer, in accordance with the second section of said Act, will attend at the places of holding the Borough and Township elections, on the following named days, for the purpose of receiving the County, Poor, State and Military Taxes assessed for the year 1873:

For Croyle Township,	Monday, June 16th.
" Summerhill Twp.,	Tuesday, June 17th.
" Wilmore Borough,	Wednesday, June 18th.
" Washington Township,	Thursday and Friday, June 19th and 20th.
" Summitville Borough,	Saturday, June 21st.
" East Ward, Ebensburg,	Monday, June 23d.
" West Ward, "	Tuesday, June 24th.
" Cambria Township,	Wednesday and Thursday, June 25th and 26th.
" Munster Township,	Friday, June 27th.
" Jackson Township,	Monday, July 21st.
" Blacklick Township,	Tuesday, July 22d.
" Gallitzin Township,	Wednesday and Thursday July 23d and 24th.
" Loretto Borough,	Friday, July 25th.
" Allegheny Township,	Saturday and Monday, July 26th and 28th.
" Chest Springs Borough,	Tuesday, July 29th.
" Clearfield Township,	Wednesday and Thursday, July 30th and 31st.
" Carrolltown Borough,	Friday, August 1st.
" Carroll Township,	Saturday and Monday, August 2d and 4th.
" Barr Township,	Tuesday, August 5th.
" Susquehanna Twp.,	Wednesday and Thursday, August 6th and 7th.
" Chest Township,	Friday and Saturday, August 8th and 9th.
" White Township,	Tuesday and Wednesday, August 12th and 13th.

And, in accordance with the second section of said Act, upon all taxes paid to the Treasurer before the 1st day of September there will be a deduction of FIVE PER CENT., while 5 per cent. will be added to all unpaid taxes, and placed in the hands of a constable.

JOHN COX, County Treasurer.

Treasurer's Office, Ebensburg, April 11, 1873.

STORE GOODS at PRIVATE SALE

And Store House on Lease.

THE subscribers offer at private sale their entire stock of merchandise and will lease their Store House, &c., for a term of years.—Said property is at St. Lawrence Church, Cambria co., and has done a good business. The ill health of the senior partner is the only reason for wishing to sell. No better location in the county for a country store. If not disposed of by the first day of April next, we will want a good man to sell goods for us—one who can speak German and come well recommended.—None other need apply. Good wages will be given to a good man. Apply to WM. S. DICKEY & SON, at Glen Hope, Clearfield county, Pa.

WM. S. DICKEY & SON.

St. Lawrence, Feb. 14, 1873.-3m.

NOTICE.—We have no authorized agent doing business for us in Cambria county or elsewhere.

DISSOLUTION.

—The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the mercantile business, under the firm name of R. R. DAVIS & CO., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. The books and accounts have been left in the hands of WM. BAXTER, who is empowered to settle the same.

R. R. DAVIS.
WM. BAXTER.

Ebensburg, April 2, 1873.-6t.

The mercantile business will hereafter be conducted at the old stand on High street, near Centre, by SAMUEL BAXTER and WM. BAXTER, who have entered into partnership under the firm name of BAXTER & SON, and who solicit and hope to merit a fair share of public patronage. Dry goods, groceries and other merchandise of the best qualities will be sold at lowest market rates.

BAXTER & SON.

STILL UP AND AT IT!

CABINET MAKING AND UNDERTAKING.

Thankful for past liberal favors, the subscriber desires to inform the people of Ebensburg and vicinity that he is still carrying on the business above named in all its branches, on High street, nearly opposite the Public School House. Substantially made Furniture of all kind sold at lowest figures. Coffins of any desirable size or finish furnished on short notice, and funerals attended to promptly and satisfactorily.

ROBERT EVANS.

Ebensburg, March 21, 1873.-6m.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.

—The undersigned offers at private sale her FARM in Summerhill township, about 2½ miles north of Wilmore. Said Farm contains 100 Acres and allowance, about 50 Acres being cleared, under good fence and well cultivated, and having thereon a Log House and Log Stable. There is also a small orchard of choice fruit on the premises. The balance of the land is covered with hemlock, cherry and ash timber, and mills for cutting the same are at convenient points. Title indisputable. For further particulars, terms, etc., call on or address

MRS. MARY GREW.
March 14, 1873.-tf. Wilmore, Pa.

GALLITZIN HOTEL,

GALLITZIN STATION, PA. R. R.

Having just purchased, refitted and refurnished this well known and commodious Hotel, the subscriber is fully prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage, and especially invites the attention of his friends in Cambria and Blair counties to this fact. Neither expense or pains will be spared to make all feel at home who sojourn with me. TERMS MODERATE.

M. FITZHARRIS, Proprietor.

Gallitzin, April 4, 1873.-tf.

PRAYER AND POTATOES.

"If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled: notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful for the body, what doth it profit?"—James ii., 15—16.

An old lady sat in her old arm-chair,
With wrinkled visage and dishevelled hair,
And hunger-worn features;
For days and for weeks her only fare,
As she sat there in her old arm-chair,
Had been potatoes.

But now they were gone; of bad or good
Not one was left for the old lady's food,
Of those potatoes.
And she sighed and said, "What shall I do?
Where shall I send, and to whom shall I go,
For more potatoes?"

And she thought on the deacon over the way,
The deacon so ready to worship and pray,
Whose cellar was full of potatoes.
And she said: "I will send for the deacon to come;
He'll not mind much to give me some
Of such a store of potatoes."

And the deacon come over as fast as he could,
Thinking to do the lady some good,
But never, for once, of potatoes;
He asked her at once what was her chief want,
And she, poor soul, expecting a grant,
Immediately answered, "potatoes!"

But the deacon's religion didn't lie that way;
He was more accustomed to preach and to pray
Than to give of his hoarded potatoes;
So, not hearing, of course, what the old lady said,
He rose to pray, with uncovered head,
But she only thought of potatoes.

He prayed for patience, and wisdom, and grace,
But when he prayed, "Lord, give her peace,"
She audibly sighed, "Give potatoes."
And at the end of each prayer which he said,
He heard, or thought he heard in its stead,
The same request for potatoes.

The deacon was troubled—knew not what to do—
'Twas very embarrasing to have her act so
About "those darned potatoes."
So ending his prayer, he started for home;
But, as the door closed, he heard a deep groan,
"Oh give to the hungry potatoes!"

And then a groan followed him all the way home,
In the midst of the night it haunted his room,
"Oh, give to the hungry potatoes!"
He could bear it no longer; arose and dressed;
From his well filled cellar taking in haste
A bag of his best potatoes.

Again he went to the widow's lone hut;
Her sleepless eye she had not yet shut,
But there she sat, in that old arm-chair,
With the same wan features, the same sad air,
And, entering in, he poured on the floor
A bushel or more from his goodly store
Of choice potatoes.

The widow's heart leaped up for joy,
Her face was haggard and wan no more;
"Now," said the deacon, "shall we pray?"
"Yes," said the widow, "now you may;"
And he kneeled him down on the sanded floor,
Where he had poured his goodly store,
And such a prayer the deacon prayed
As never before his lips essayed;
No longer embarrassed, but free and full,
He poured out the voice of a liberal soul,
And the widow responded, aloud, "Amen!"
But said no more of potatoes.

And would you, who hear this simple tale,
Pray for the poor, and praying, "prevail,"
Then preface your prayers with alms and good deeds;
Search out the poor, their wants, and their needs,
Pray for peace and grace, and spiritual food,
For wisdom, and guidance, for all these are good;
But don't forget the potatoes.

AN OLD SAILOR'S YARN.

THREE WEEKS ON AN ICEBERG IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN.

"I don't think I can do better, sir, this afternoon than just go on right where I left off the other day, when I had to go home to the old woman, and tell you all that me and Scotty and Ned Jones, the other chap what was with Scotty in the boat when they picked me up, went through with, onto that iceberg."

I assured my friend that it was a matter of indifference to me what the subject matter of the yarn might be, since I knew it would be a good one if he spun it, and he then proceeded:

"You see, sir, when I'm a spinnin' a yarn, I'm just like I am when I'm a doin' a job of work, I don't like to leave it half done, as I was obliged to the other day; but you see my old woman, though she's as good a woman as ever draw'd a mug of ale, has her ways, and as Bill Fisher used to say of Bill Bursley in the Hottinguer, 'damn her ways.' So long as I gets home to tea at five o'clock, why I finds my tea all ready and everything bright and clear all round the horizon as well as overhead, with prospects of continuance. I eats my supper, and finds my pipe all filled for a smoke arterwards; and at six o'clock I finds my lantern all ready, and my pail with a snack in it for twelve o'clock, and I just kisses Polly and away I goes down to my dock regular; but if I don't get home in time, or if I have taken a little more'n is good for me, then the weather is very cloudy round our honse, and I has to look out for squalls. Polly's as sweet a tempered woman as ever stood in a tap when everything's all right; but atween you and me, I found a many a year ago, that it aint best to put her out. As a sailor for many years, of course I believes in discipline; always obey your officers, no matter whatsumever your officers are, and get out of that ship as soon as convenient if things aint agreeable, that's my motto. I believe in everybody being captain of their own craft, and so Polly naturally commands at home, and of course has to presarve discipline among me and the children, and I don't mind a tellin' you she does it.

"I suppose, sir, one of the lonesomest feelings that a man can have is to find himself in the water away out on the ocean and see his ship a sailin' away from him. Leastwise I know I never felt so deserted before as I did on that afternoon when I tumbled off the old Albecore's forecastle and seen her a sailin' off from me. Of course the main yard was aback, but that ain't no way to stop a ship, not if you want to stop her dead, which was particularly desirable to me about that time, but as I told you afore, it was all along of the confusion which always perwails, and always did perwail, and always will perwail on board a ship whenever a man tumbles overboard or a fire breaks out sudden, or when she fetches up a sudden on a rock or a iceberg. It's the suddenness of the thing that does it, you see, and not the danger. I've been on the Jersey coast in a steamer with the machinery broke down and a hard gale blowing from the eastward and she a driftin' in shore at the rate of a couple of knots, and all hands ready to let go both anchors and cut away the masts. Well if the anchors didn't hold, that ship would go ashore, and though all hands would be likely to lose the number of their mess, the discipline of that ship would be presarved to the last, and all orders would be obeyed, 'cause there would be time to get ready for the event, and it would be expected; but if that same steamer, through an error in the chronometer, or from overrunning her reckoning, was to have run onto that same shore sudden, why every man would be for hisself and the Lord for the whole of 'em, and there would be all sorts of confusion. If all hands had a know'd I was a goin' overboard that arternoon, why when the helm was put down, she would a shot up in stays well to wind'ard of me, the after yards would have been braced about, the head yards would have been left aback, the ship would a stopped dead in the water and would a drifted down atop of me, and I might a been picked up as little Billy Tooley was off the Cape of Good Hope without ever lowerin' a boat. But you see it weren't to be so, and arter the main-yard run in of course she wouldn't go round, and when she fell off she got way on her and away she went a couple of knots an hour. I suppose if it hadn't a beenfor them single whips I was a tellin' you on they never would a got that stern boat down so neatly. If she'd been rigged with any of them detachin' apparatuses, which never was no good in no ship I've been in, 'tis ten to one she'd a been swamped afore she got clear of the tackles, 'cause them things always operated too soon or else not soon enough, but with these whips all you had to do was to let go and they unrove and your boat was all clear from the ship and all right.

"'Twas a lucky thing for me that I had the life-buoy, for although I could swim like a fish I couldn't have kept up long in that cold water, and with all my clothes on, and anyhow I was mighty glad when the chap in the boat heard me holler and pulled for me. They had a hard job a pullin' me into the boat, all soaked as I was, and I was so numbed that I could not help myself much, but they got me in at last, and I laid down in the stern-sheets completely beat out. How we missed the ship I don't know, but I know that we did miss her, and arter it shut in dark Scotty and the other chap give it up and resolved to lay by till morning. So them two laid down alongside of me, and we all went to sleep. In the morning the fog was as thick as ever, so there was nothing for it but to just lie still in hopes some vessel would come along and pick us up. We was right in the track of vessels, fishermen, and others, so that we had no great fear but that we should soon be aboard of some craft, and the greatest trouble was that we were getting precious hungry. The fog had wet the clothes of the other two chaps and we was able to squeeze enough water out of them to quench our thirst a bit. As for my clothes they was wet enough, but too salt to be good for anything. That was the time we would have liked to have had some of old Wiggins' beans, and more'n once that morning Scotty said to me:

"'Tom, if the Lord spares my life out of this serape I'll never turn up nose at anything in the way of grub.'

"I guess it must have been about eleven by the look of the sun when the fog lifted, and we looked all around, you may be sure, for our ship or any other that we could get aboard of, but the only sail in sight was a square rigger away to the westward, her courses just above the water. Whether she was our ship or not I don't know, but I suppose she was, because I knew the old man would look for us as long as there was any chance of finding us, 'cause he wouldn't like to lose the boat for one reason, and then taking three of us out of the crew would make him rather short-handed.

"Away to the northard of us, about three miles or so, was a big iceberg, and as soon as Scotty claps his eyes on that, he says:

"'My lads,' there's plenty of good drinkin' water on that 'berg and likewise birds. I don't like the look of the weather to the southward, and I think we'll be safer on that there island than in the boat, if it comes on to blow.'

"Well, Ned and me hadn't neither of us been much among ice, and so we said we'd go anywheres that Scotty thought best, and so I says to him, 'Scotty, you shall have charge of this expedition, and Ned and me will do whatever you think best.'

"So Ned and me pulled the boat and Scotty steered. I suppose we was well nigh an hour afore we reached the berg, 'cause we had to pull round to leeward of it, and then pull along till we found a good place to land. We come to a place at last where the sea had worn away a place about twenty foot across and made a little bay like, and we pulled the boat in here and landed. It was a pretty good tug to haul the boat up, but she weren't a very large boat, and we managed at last to get her up on a little ledge where we thought she would be safe. Then we started for water, and sure enough, as Scotty had said, we come to a little pond of as good water as ever was drank.

"Scotty had gone off himself to see what he could find, and by and by he came back and said he'd found a place over on the south side of the island, where the sun or the waves or something or other had made a kind of a cave that would be a good place for us to sleep. So we takes everything out of the boat that we could unship, the rudder, thwarts, stern-sheets, bottom-board, oars, etc., and carries them over to where Scotty had found this cave. Sure enough when we got there we found the most complete place you can imagine; if we had made it ourselves, we couldn't have made it any better; it wasn't very large, that's a fact, but it was big enough for us three, and it was a good protection from the rain, which was a comin' down pretty lively, and from the wind, which had been a-breezin' on steady all day, and was now blowin' half a gale. We laid all the boards we had brought over onto the oars and made a kind of a platform, and laid down on the boards, and was more comfortable than we'd been any time since we left the old ship. Scotty said as how the berg was aground he thought, else there'd a-been more motion to it, for the sea had got up by this time, and was a breakin' with great force on the weather side of the berg, sending the spray sometimes nearly up to where we was, and we was pretty high up too. Scotty said as how he was sure we'd get out of this scrape, 'cause, says he, 'it stands to reason if this berg hadn't a been here we'd a-had to stay in the boat, and in the gale that's a comin' on, we'd a most likely got swamped; but here is this berg all ready for us to land on, and now we are landed, here is this little house for us to live in, and as soon as ever it is dark we'll catch some birds for our supper; we've got no end of water, and tobacker enough for some days, and if we hadn't a-been a-goin' to be took off by and by, all these here things wouldn't a been pervided for us.'

"Well, Ned and me, was glad to hear him talk that way, cause we knew he'd been up the Arctic a-whalin', and know'd more'n we did; but we wished it would come dark, 'cause we was blessed hungry. I'd put a whole plug of terbacker in my pocket that afternoon when I went overboard, and though 'twas pretty salt it was a great comfort to me just then. I didn't like to ask either of the other chaps for any, 'cause, you see, I didn't know how long this voyage was a-goin' to last, and I know'd they'd want all their supplies. At last it come dark, and then we went for the birds. We had to climb away up to the top of the berg, and it was hard work, 'cause the rain made it very slippery. Only me and Scotty went up, 'cause Scotty said Ned must stay to answer our hail so we could find the way back, 'cause, you know, there wan't no street-lights there, and one part looked pretty much like another in the dark. We'd seen where the birds had lighted, and we scrambled up to them afore it got pitch dark, and had no difficulty in catching 'em. We each got a couple, and then we started down again, shoutin' out to Ned once in a while so that we might not lose our way.

"I don't think, sir, you'd make a very hearty meal off of them raw seagulls, if you had 'em here to-night, but if you'd a been four-and-twenty hours without food, and knocked about as we'd been, you'd be glad of anything. They was pretty strong and fishy, there's no denyin' it, but we felt a heap sight better arter we'd done supper than we did before.

"'If I only had a pull at a pipe now,' said Ned, 'I wouldn't change places with the Emperor of Rushy.' As he couldn't by no means get a smoke he was safe in sayin' so. However we cuddled down close together and thanked God 'twas no worse, and went off to sleep. I was woke up some time in the night by the old berg beginning to thump on the bottom, and the other chaps was woke up about the same time. I don't know how long we had slept, but the wind had piped on and it was blowin' a hard gale, and the sea had got up to that extent that each wave would lift the berg, and when it settled it would strike the bottom with a shock that would make everything tremble.

"'Blowed if I ain't afeard this here craft will go to pieces,' says Ned.

"'Never you be afeard of that, shipmate,' said Scotty; 'this old berg has travelled many a hundred mile, and stood many a gale of wind afore now, and she aint goin' to pieces yet, not if I knows anything about ice.'

"Just then there come the most tremendous shock we'd had yet, and it seemed as if one of the highest peaks had toppled over and come crashing down; and then all of a sudden the wind seemed to moderate, although the sea kept up and the thumps on the bottom still continued.

"'My lads,' says Scotty, 'I think that there squall was the last flurry of the souwester, and the wind's gone in to nor'west, so we'll have fine weather to-morrow."

"'Yes, fine, but mighty cold,' said Ned.

"'We're in luck agin, boys,' said Scotty, 'cause our house here's under the lee; we'd freeze if it was on the other side of the island.'

"Says I, 'Did either of you hear anything singler when that big crash came? Seemed to me I heard above all the crashin' something like a shout; but of course it couldn't be.'

"'Well, now you mention it,' says Scotty, 'I heerd that too, but of course it was only the wind, 'cause there's no one here to shout except us three, and we was still enough.'

"Well, we got used to the thumps, and as we did not feel the wind and was pretty comfortable we soon dropped off to sleep ag'in, and slept I don't know how long. I was waked by a shout from Scotty: 'Turn out there, lads, for I'm blowed if we aint shut in.'

"The cave was still dark, but Scotty's voice seemed to come from the entrance. I groped my way along, and presently I got to where he was and could see a small chink of light thro' the icy wall which had formed through the night across the entrance of the cave.

"'It's all clear now,' said Scotty. 'That crash we heard in the night was this bonlder tumbling down, and when we thought the wind had shifted it was only that we couldn't hear it on account of bein' shut up. I'm more'n ever of a mind now,' said he, 'that we shall be took off from here, 'cause if we hadn't a been a goin' to be we'd a been crushed last night. Now, see here how complete this here is. Last night we had a house all complete except that the doors wasn't hung, and the wind comes in in large numbers; down comes this chunk of ice and our house is complete and ship-shape.'

"'How are you goin' to get out?' says Ned.

"Cut ourselves out," says Scotty.

"So we took out our sheath-knives and went to work. It was a long job, for we had to cut through about ten feet of ice; but the ice was not hard, and at last, after some hours' hard work, we got out. The first thing we did was to look for our boat. We went over to the other side of the berg, where we had left her, but no trace of her was to be seen. In fact, the whole formation of the berg was changed, and it appeared as if on this side also one of the peaks had toppled down and fallen on the ledge where we had left our boat. Whether that was so, or whether she had been washed away by the sea, we never knew; she was gone and we never saw her afterwards.

"'We're in for it now,' said Ned, 'and may make up our minds to spend the rest of our lives on this blasted iceberg.'

"'That be blowed for a yarn,' says Scotty; 'we'll be took off'; we're right in the track of ships, and some of 'em will see us; don't you give up yet, my hearty,' says he to Ned.

"'I ain't a-givin' up,' says Ned, 'but what the blazes is that down on the edge of the ice there? It looks like a barrel.'

"We all three scrambled down and there, wedged into a cleft in the ice, was a barrel and on its head was marked—and I won't forget it in a hurry—'Davidson & Young; best pilot bread.' About three or four feet from this there was a piece of a settee, such as ships usually carried on their poop deck for passengers to sit on. And this was all.

"'Boys,' said Scotty, 'this is a mighty poor show; this here barrel of pilot bread and that settee is all that's left of a ship. She struck on this here berg last night and toppled down those ice spires, and that shout we heard above the crashin' ice and roarin' wind was the last wail of all that were aboard of her. Her comin' has given us a decent house to live in, and this here barrel of pilot bread will keep us from starvin' for some time. There's no great loss, but there's some small gain, and it's an ill wind that blows nobody no harm.'

"I could continue this yarn, sir, for some time, but I see 'tis half-past four, and I must get ready to top my boom and sail large for home. Arter we'd been on that berg twenty-one blessed days, seein' plenty of vessels but none of 'em seein' us, at last one mornin' we sights a schooner, and she seen our signals and run along to leeward of the berg. Then the skipper he hails:

"'Iceberg, ahoy!'

"'Hallo!' says Scotty.

"'Do you want to be took off?'

"'Aye, aye,' says Scotty, and then he turns to me and Ned, and says he, 'That there skipper's a fool or else he, thinks we are, but I told you all along we'd be took off.'" SEA.

—*N. Y. Sunday World.*

BILL ARP ON THE RACK.

HE PLEADS ALDERMANIC DUTIES AT TWO IN THE MORNING.

Bill Arp, editor of the Rome (N. Y.) *Commercial*, has been swimming around the Council chambers e-v-e-r-y night during the inundation of the city, and here's what comes of his being out:

E-v-e-r-y night! Here is half past 1 o'clock! It's a wonder you come home at all! What—do—you—think—a—woman—is—made for? I do believe if a robber was to come and carry me off you wouldn't care; what is that you say? City Council business must be attended to! How do I know you go to the City Council? Does the City Council meet every night? They don't meet but once a week in New York. But I suppose R-o-m-e is a more important place.

Oh, yes, out every night! Twelve o'clock—one o'clock—two o'clock. Here I stay with the children all alone—lying awake half the night waiting for you. Couldn't come home any sooner! Of course you couldn't, if you don't want to. But I know something; you think I don't, but I do. That I do. I wish I didn't. Where were you Monday night? Tell me that. The marshal told me the City Council don't meet that night. Now what have you to say? Couldn't get a quorum! Well, if you couldn't, why didn't you come home? Out e-v-e-r-y night—hunting for—a—quorum. But you wouldn't hunt for me this late if I was missing.

Where were you Thursday night and Friday night? There was a show in town, wasn't there? What did you buy that bottle of hair oil for and hide it? Oil for your hone, indeed! Whoever heard of hair oil for a whetstone? So you think I didn't see you in the other room brushing and greasing your hair and looking in the glass at your pretty self? A man ought to be decent. He ought, ought he? Yes, indeed, a man ought to; and a decent man will stay at home with his wife sometimes, and not be out e-v-e-r-y night. How comes it that the City Council didn't meet but twice a month last year?

Trying to work it out of debt! Yes, that's probable—very—laughing; and joking, and smoking, and swapping lies will work a debt off, won't it? Now—I—want—to—know—how—much—longer—you—are—going—to—keep—up—this—night—business? Yes, I want to know. Out e-v-e-r-y night. City Council, Free Masons, shows, hair oil—and brush, and brush, and brush, until you've nearly worn out the brush on your head, too. What is it you say? It helps your business to keep up your social relations! Ah, indeed! You've got relations here at home, sir. They need keeping up some, I should think.

What did you say about catching it the other night at a whist party? Fellows, it's eleven o'clock, but let's play a while longer—we won't catch it any worse when we get home. A pretty speech for a d-e-e-e-n-t man to make. Catch it! Catch it! Well, I intend you shall catch it—a little. What's that you say? If I wouldn't fret you so you would stay at home more! Well, sir, do you stay at home first a few nights and try it. Perhaps the fretting would stop. Out e-v-e-r-y night because I fret you so.

What's that, sir? You know ladies who ain't always a scolding their husbands! You do, do you? How came you to know them? What business have you to know them? What right have you to know whether other women fret or not? That's always the way. You men think all other women are saints, but your wives. Oh, yes—saints—s-a-i-n-t-s. I'll have you to know, sir, that there isn't a woman in this town that's more of a saint than I am. I know them all, sir, a heap better than you do. You only see the sugar and honey side of them, and—they—only—see—the—sugar—side—of—you.

Now, sir, I just want you to know that if you can't stay at home more than you do, I'll leave these children here to get burnt up, and I'll go out every night. When a poor woman gets desperate, why, sir, she is—she is desperate, that's all.

FOND OF THE WIDOWS.—The following story is related of an old man of strict creed and high moral standing in the community where he lived. It is said immediately following the death of his third wife he donned his coat and hat, and with a smiling face that indicated no thought of failure, summoned a widow lady living in the neighborhood to the door, and announced the news to her thus:

"Good-mornin', ma'am; I'm 'round tellin' folks how my old woman's dead. Don't know for sartin that I shall get married again. You are aware, howsomever (with a knowing wink), that I'm mighty fond of the widders."

His fourth marriage has been placed on record.

A COUPLE appeared before a clergyman in Sandy Hill, N. Y., a few days since, and desired to be united in the bands of matrimony. They were directed to place themselves in position, and just as the ceremony was about to begin, a little urchin forced his way into the minister's study, yelling at the top of his voice, "Don't do it, Mister; mother don't want yer to." This produced a "stay of proceedings," and the last seen of the disappointed pair they were walking arm in arm in search of some one empowered to consummate their bliss by making the twain one flesh.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - May 2, 1873.

FRANCE is again threatened with civil strife, and the gravest apprehensions are felt in the highest circles in Paris. The Monarchists seem determined to oust Thiers at all hazards. So says a London special, April 25, to the *World*.

ASPIRANTS for office who shouted for Grant in the campaign, and prepared to pass the civil service examination after the election was over, are finding out their mistake. There are now in Washington over one hundred applicants for clerkships who have passed a successful examination, and are vainly waiting for appointments, while ignorant politicians are being pushed into the vacancies for which the applicants were examined. So goes the world.

ON the 1st day of May the new law in reference to burning oil went into effect. It forbids the sale of any product of petroleum to be used in lamps for burning, of a lower fire test than 110 degrees Fahrenheit. Any violation of this law is punishable by a fine of not less than two hundred and fifty dollars, or imprisonment not less than one year, or both; any person sustaining damage to property or person by the use of oil not put up to the legal test can collect damage of the party who sold the oil.

FROM the report of the condition of the wheat crop, just issued from the Agricultural Department, it appears that in the Middle States a great improvement upon the showing of last Spring is everywhere conceded, especially in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The prospects in the States south of Maryland is less favorable than last year, and there are indications of diminishing area in the cotton States. In Kentucky a more checkered showing is made, giving a present appearance of decidedly unfavorable cast, with indications of future improvement as the weather becomes settled.

GOVERNOR HARTRANFT'S political conscience revolts at the iniquities of the Congressional Apportionment bill passed by the last Radical Legislature and he has not yet signed it. He is of course aware that this State will not elect members of Congress at the next October election and that therefore there is no necessity for him either to sign the bill or veto it before the meeting of the next Legislature. He went into the veto business very extensively during the late session, and if he believes that the minority has rights which a majority is bound to respect, he will never permit a bill so unjust and outrageous as this to disgrace the statute book.

ON Saturday last three companies of U. S. soldiers under the command of Captain Thomas left Gen. Gillem's camp for the purpose of ascertaining where Capt. Jack and his fifty or sixty Modoc warriors had located themselves after leaving their former stronghold in the lava beds. Capt. Thomas and his men were very soon and unexpectedly given a bloody solution of the question, for they had not proceeded more than two miles ere they were surprised by the Modocs in their rocky entrenchments, and lost nineteen men killed, including several officers, and eight men wounded, many of whom were left on the ground to the tender mercies of the savages, the troops being unable to bring them off. This is a sad and unfortunate beginning of the war of extermination against the numerically contemptible tribe of Indians. As to when and how this Modoc business will end, we have not the most remote conception. It forebodes a vast deal of trouble as well as immense expense to the government.

WHEN the Constitutional Convention consented to listen to addresses by a bevy of strong-minded women in favor of providing in the organic law of the State for female suffrage, we *almost* abandoned the hope that any good could come out of Nazareth, or that the work of its hands would prove acceptable to the people. Since, however, it has ceased to be annoyed by the platitudes of these restless and perturbed agitators, it has gone vigorously to work to perfect the business set before it. The three most important subjects which have thus far engaged its deliberations are the State Treasury, Rail Roads, and the Judiciary—the last mentioned, and by far the most important, being now under consideration. On this question it is to be hoped that the Convention will make haste slowly, and that nothing definite will be adopted until after the most patient and exhaustive debate. The great danger to be apprehended is, that the Convention in its zeal for reform may attempt to do too much, and present to the people a constitution so weighed down with a multiplicity of new and in some instances unwise provisions that they will prefer to suffer present ills than fly to others they know not of. The more concise a constitution is, the more easily will it recommend itself to popular approval. A man of judgment will appreciate and be convinced by a short sententious speech, directly to the question at issue, rather than by an elaborate display covering a score of pages, most of which is "mere sound and fury signifying nothing." It is idle, however, to speculate on what will be or will not be done by the Convention. When its work is finished and spread before the people, they will be able to arrive at an intelligent conclusion as to its merits.

Legislative Corruption.

The shameless corruption of the Legislature of this State, but especially of the lower branch of it, has become a bye-word and reproach to her former good name and reputation, and is a stench in the nostrils of her people. There was a time, not very remote, when the practice of bribing members of that body was unheard of, and when an exceptional case *did* occur, it excited a feeling of indignant denunciation throughout the Commonwealth. But the times have sadly changed and our public men have changed with them. With a majority of them bribery which can be made to assume a great variety of shapes, is the rule and honesty the exception, and men now seek legislative honors, not with the view of faithfully serving their constituents and promoting the welfare and prosperity of the State, but for the base and ignoble purpose of corruptly promoting their own pecuniary and personal interests.

Legislation at Harrisburg is now and for years past has been as purchasable as the Roman purple became during the declining and degenerate days of the Empire, when the chief magistracy was put up and knocked down to the highest bidder. During the progress of the campaign which is to determine the *materiel* of the Legislature, the candidates indulge in honeyed promises of retrenchment and reform, only "made to the ear to be broken to the hope." As the session advances, sinister and corrupt influences begin to manifest themselves—the honest representatives of to-day becomes the paid instrument of the lobby to-morrow—and thus it goes on until both Houses adjourn amidst a scene of the most disgraceful debauchery, after which the members return to their betrayed and outraged constituents with damaged reputations, but with money in their purse. What is the remedy for this growing and intolerable evil? It is in the hands of the people themselves, who seem, however, criminally indifferent about applying it. As a general rule, a member whose venality is notorious encounters no very serious difficulty in again being returned to the seat he dishonored but one year before. Sam Josephs, for instance, is a living and instructive example of the profound depth of infamy to which a member of the House can sink and yet be returned by his constituents session after session, *ad infinitum*. As long as the people will condone the sins and iniquities of the men who represent them at Harrisburg, no amendment or reform can be hoped for.

The Philadelphia radical journals, since the close of the last session, have indulged in unsparing denunciations of the base conduct of the members from that city. They richly deserve all that their own home papers have said about them, for a more scurvy and villainous set of men never before represented that radical stronghold. But most of them occupied seats in the House during the previous session—their characters were well known—and yet, when they came before the people for re-election with all their sins of omission and commission resting upon them, these same papers, now so virtuous and indignant, had not one word of protest to enter against their election.

What we have said of the corruption and debauchery of the Legislature of this State may, with equal truth, be affirmed of almost every body of the same kind throughout the Union. Recent evidences of that fact are so numerous and conclusive that "he who runs may read." The same stain rests upon Congress, so that it may truthfully be said that this is now the most demoralized and corrupt government on the face of the earth. De Tocqueville, a distinguished French writer who visited this country more than a quarter of a century ago, and who published a well known and celebrated work on the institutions and nature of our government, felt constrained to say, even at that early period in our history, *"Behold a nation, rotten before ripe!"* What would be his opinion if he were alive now and could revisit this paradise of legislative plunderers and official thieves?

THE country was somewhat startled a short time ago by the announcement that John C. Fremont had been tried before a French criminal court for swindling or obtaining money under false pretences, and having been convicted, was sentenced to imprisonment for seven years. Gen. Fremont had no notice of this proceeding, for the reason that from its commencement to its close he was in this country. Under a fiction, however, of the law of France, a man can be prosecuted for a criminal offence, even though the wide Atlantic intervenes between him and the tribunal before which he is tried. The accusation against Gen. Fremont was that, some years ago, he, acting as President of the Memphis and El Paso Rail Road Company, had sold bonds of that Company to the amount of over four millions of dollars to certain capitalists and bankers in Paris—that they were worthless, and that he knew it at the time of their negotiation. A very recent decision, however, of the Supreme Court of the United States would seem fully to vindicate Gen. Fremont against any charge of dishonesty in the transaction. It appears that in 1858 the Legislature of Texas granted to the Memphis and El Paso Rail Road Company the exclusive right to locate the land certificates of the State for a distance of eight miles on each side of said road, from the eastern boundary of Texas to El Paso. After this an ordinance of a State Convention was passed, granting these lands to actual settlers and repudiating the railroads grant of 1858. Gen. Fremont finally got the disputed question before the Supreme Court at Washington, whose decision sustains the validity of the original grant by Texas to the Memphis and El Paso Rail Road Company. The total amount of the land grant is eight millions of acres, which entire amount passes to the Rail Road Company, conditioned upon 100,600 acres being set apart for the redemption of the Memphis and El Paso bonds, which is regarded as amply sufficient for that purpose. Whatever failures Gen. Fremont may have made in his political and military life, his services as a pioneer in certain hazardous enterprises are unquestioned. So far as the sale by him in Paris of these railroads bonds is concerned, no stain rests upon his character under the decision of the Supreme Court above referred to.

THE following well-timed remarks are taken from an article in the Harrisburg *State Journal*, a radical organ. They relate to a question which more intimately than any other affects the dearest interests of the people. If the press of both parties in the different legislative districts throughout the State would "cry aloud and spare not" the thimble-rigging crew who disgraced the Last legislature, only a tithe of them would again have an opportunity of "feeding on fresh fields and pastures new." When will the stolid indifference of the tax-payers to the character and qualifications of the men they annually elect to enact laws for their benefit, cease and give place to a lively and active interest in the selection of candidates? The people literally sleep while their servants at Harrisburg are robbing the treasury "with unwashed hands."

"Could that be done? Elect sufficient men to the lower branch of the next Legislature who would resist, without regard to party obligations, the controlling influence of the ring which usually directs that body? We submit this question to the serious consideration of the press and the people in all parts of the State. By the action of the ring formed at the beginning of each session of the Legislature, a few 'bold bad men' are enabled to control the proceedings of both Houses. It only requires bold conduct, and not bad men, to resist this. If the people would resolve to elect men who can neither be bribed nor bullied, all rings would soon cease, and we would have legislation accomplished on the principle of justice and right. Take the case of Philadelphia. The very objects in which the great mass of the people there were most interested were rejected by their own representatives, and measures that were notoriously obnoxious were crammed down the throats of business men and property holders while they were vehemently protesting against their passage. Representative government like this is a tyranny which many of the monarchies of Europe would not dare practice. The Parliament of England is more inclined to listen to and comply with the protests of a meeting of Londoners, than is the Legislature of Pennsylvania to respect the remonstrances of the people in any part of the State, asking that certain legislation shall not be accomplished which the ring demands. There is no lack of instruction on facts on this subject. The great mischief always comes from Philadelphia, which for years has sent a class of men to the Legislature that repudiate all control of their constituents, and are the prime movers in all the fraud committed in either branch of that body. We have the testimony of the newspapers of Philadelphia to establish this fact—and the voice of her merchants, manufacturers and real estate owners is never silent in condemnation of the wrongs which they are subjected by the acts of their representatives. If Philadelphia is not able to send a better class of men to the Legislature, it is high time rural districts send men who have the intelligence and the independence to oppose the operations of all rings. The legislation which most effects the people for evil, is generally secured by the activity, intrigues and dishonesty of a dozen men, who manage to intimidate, mislead, or corrupt the rest needed to carry on their work."

CRIMES always takes the hues and aspect of the country in which they are committed. They show not only guilty men, but a guilty people. The world holds those nations to be debased where crime abounds. It does not merely say that the laws are defective and the judges corrupt, but charges the guilt home to the whole society. This is just, for most of the crimes which disgrace us could not be committed if there were not an indifference to their causes on the part of the community. As certain plagues which sweep men into their graves cannot rage without foul air, so many crimes cannot prevail without widespread moral malaria. It is the greed for gold, the love of luxury in the American people, which have caused the legislative frauds, the municipal corruptions, and the violations of trust which excite alarm in our land. It is the admiration of wealth, no matter how gained, which incites and emboldens the desperate speculator in commercial centres to sport with the sacred interests of labor, to unsettle the business of honest industry by playing tricks with the standards of value. Those who use the stocks of great corporations as machines for gambling schemes are more deliberately and artfully dishonest than the more humble swindler who throws his loaded dice. Many of the transactions of our capitalists are more hurtful to the welfare of our people than the acts of the thieves and robbers. In the better days of American simplicity, honesty and patriotism, these things could not have been done. No one would then dare to face a people indignant at such rapacious greed. Such influences have led to frauds, defalcations, breaches of trust. They have filled our prisons and overwhelmned many households with shame and sorrow. Yet the authors of such things are honored for their wealth, and we ask with eagerness how rich do they get, and not how do they get riches.

IT may not be generally known that R. W. Mackey will take the Treasuryship in a few days, for the *ad interim* period, without being required to give securities. Such was the confiding nature, the ignorance, the innocence, rascality, or the something of the last Legislature, that the bill totally neglected this important point. Mr. Mackey *may* be a saint, and the members of the Legislature *may* have had no bad motives—yet, this is not business-like, to say the least.

In Prison Again.

BRICELAND CAPTURED BY TWO FARMERS—HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE IT WAS ACCOMPLISHED—HIS OWN ACCOUNT OF THE ESCAPE—HIS WANDERINGS, SUFFERINGS, ETC.

On Saturday morning, about seven o'clock, Henry Briceland, the convict murderer of John Allingham, was returned to the Washington county jail almost as quietly and as unexpectedly as he had escaped from it, on the Saturday evening a week before. He was not dragged back, in irons, by any officer of the law, but came like a voluntary visitor, between two farmers of West Virginia, who had found him the evening previous sleeping on the hay in their barn. The fact of his recapture was soon telegraphed to this city, and by this time it is pretty well known everywhere. After being safely placed in his cell, Briceland was quite communicative, and gave a detailed account of the manner in which the escape was effected, of his travels and sufferings from the time he left the jail until he was captured, and the manner in which the latter was accomplished.

BRICELAND'S STORY OF THE ESCAPE.

It appears that Edwards, the English prisoner, Hughes and himself were the parties who planned the escape by means of false keys made of lead. Briceland dug out a rough mould in the leg of a chair, and Edwards whittled one in the floor of his cell. The lead, as has been previously stated, was cut from a waste pipe in the water closet, and was melted in a coal shovel at intervals while the prisoners were allowed the use of the hall for exercise. After the keys were cast Briceland cut off the rough edges by means of a caseknife and adjusted them to the lock. The key for the Sheriff's office through which they had to pass was made by guess, as they had no means of obtaining an impression of it. The other prisoners had been let into the secret, and when the favorable time for making the effort arrived Briceland was the first to put it into execution.

THE PLAN WORKED TO A CHARM.

His key was found to fit exactly, and the lock, worn smooth by long use, yielded to it. The ponderous doors swung open and the prisoners found themselves in the Sheriff's office, from which a window offered easy exit into the yard of the jail. Briceland says that when he had climbed up to this opening, and was half way out, his heart sank within him and he was on the verge of turning back; but a prisoner named Mull, who had been committed for stealing wood, gave him a push and he fell to the ground outside, where he lay somewhat stunned for several seconds. By that time the prisoners had all got out, and finding the gates of the yard open and no one to dispute their departure, they walked off, each one taking a separate direction.

A WEAK AND WAVERING FUGITIVE.

As for Briceland he was very weak and dispirited, and walked but a short distance at that time. Finding a sheep-shed, he crawled into it and tried to sleep, but owing to excitement of mind and fear, was unable to do so. After remaining there several hours, he arose and walked on, directing his steps towards Eldersville, which, if he really wished to escape, should have been the last place for him to go to, as almost every person in that neighborhood knew him, and he would at least be exposed to the efforts of the friends of the murdered man, who, independent of the reward, would be likely to do everything they could to secure his re-arrest. On Sunday and Monday he remained concealed in the barn of Mr. Wright, sleeping most of the time. On Monday night he continued his course, laying over on Tuesday in an out-house, attached to the farm of Mr. S. S. Gardner.

A HUNGRY MIDNIGHT WANDERER.

The first square meal he seems to have eaten was on Tuesday night, when he dined about midnight at a camp-fire in the woods, off of a ham he had stolen from the place of Mr. Gardner. The spot is in a deep ravine, and is the same place where Sheriff Ramsey and his posse discovered his camp-fire and footprints on the day following. Becoming alarmed, he seems to have retraced his steps somewhat and again sought shelter in the haymow of Mr. Wright's barn. He remained there until Thursday night, when he started under cover of darkness with the remnants of his ham in a bag swung over his back, and traveled toward Collier's Station. About daylight on Friday morning he arrived on the farm of Messrs. Robert and Alfred Caldwell, brothers, and creeping into their barn buried himself in the hay. Between six and seven o'clock in the evening the brothers, as was their custom, after supper proceeded to the barn for the purpose of seeing that everything was safe for the night.

DISCOVERED IN THE HAYMOW.

Mr. Alfred Caldwell had occasion to ascend the ladder leading to the haymow, in order to inspect some hen's nests located there, and noticing that the hay had been tossed about, suspected that there was something wrong. Procuring his hay fork, he probed the hay, and was suddenly startled to see it move, and immediately called on his brother to come up. Just as he did so, Briceland emerged from the hay, and facing his discoverers, smiled grimly.—When they had recovered from their surprise one of the brothers, who knew him well, said, "What shall we do with you?" Briceland replied in an imploring tone, "Hadn't you better let me go?" They told him that they could not do that, as it would be aiding and abetting his escape, and that the only thing they could do as good citizens would be to take him to Collier Station, which was but half a mile distant and deliver him to the Washington county officers, some of whom were there at that time. Briceland begged them not to do that, but to take him to Washington themselves, and promised to go without giving them any trouble. In this the farmers assented, and after giving him his supper they placed him on horseback, and one of them riding on either side of him, they started on their journey, riding all night and arriving as above stated about seven o'clock next morning.

THE PRISONER RETURNED TO JAIL.

The Caldwell brothers seemed to do as they did more as a duty for which they were held responsible than from any strong desire to have the prisoner recaptured. They did not tie him or take any particular precautions to prevent his escape from them, and it is said that if Briceland had still cherished any very strong desire for getting away from them, he could have done so without much difficulty. When the three arrived at the jail, the first person they met was the Sheriff's wife, who hastened to convey to her husband the—to him—good news. When the Sheriff entered the room, Briceland smiled as though he was glad to see him, and walking up to him, extended his hand, which was heartily shaken by the latter. A new suit of clothes was given him to put on, and after he had eaten breakfast he was put into a secure part of the jail, and has been kept in close confinement since. There appeared to be a strong feeling of sympathy felt for Briceland in the neighborhood of Washington before his escape, and strange to say, it has been greatly increased since his recapture. The Caldwell brothers, after being assured that the reward would be paid them, returned to their homes. Briceland is the only one of the escaped prisoners who has as yet been captured, and no traces of any of the others had been discovered at latest accounts.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Catching a (Teutonic) Tartar.

The sabbatarians and prohibitionists of the city of Lafayette, in the county of Tippecanoe, in the State of Indiana, have caught a Tartar in the form of their Mayor, a Teutonic gentleman of the name of Kimmel.

The Legislature of Indiana having passed a strict Sunday law, this worthy magistrate was disposed to disregard it, so far as it related to liquor and lager, but the Councils of that flourishing Hoosier city passed an ordinance requiring its rigid enforcement, and, accordingly his honor proceeded to enforce it and all Sunday laws to the very letter. These laws, prohibiting all "common labor" on Sunday, he not only executed against the hotel and saloon keepers, but against all who performed labor or work on that day—the barbers, cigar dealers, candy venders, milk pedlers, etc. He even ordered the arrest of the publisher, editor, and compositors of a daily newspaper office, for working on Sunday afternoon and evening to get out their Monday's edition. This paper has been a violent advocate of the law in question, and had abused the liquor and lager dealers in the usual intemperate manner of the temperance people. Kimmel "jerked" its proprietor and editor with very good will, we may suppose, for breaking the very law which they had demanded, and a great outcry against him was the consequence. He did not "make Rome howl," but he made Lafayette "squeal" very vigorously against its own law. The cigar dealers and smokers, the milkmen and their numerous customers, and the unshaven citizens all joined in one common, or uncommon, yell against the Puritanical law. They did not see, because they did not feel the point of it, until the Teutonic magistrate pricked them with it. While it was supposed to affect only the hotel and saloon keepers and their Sunday patrons, a majority of the people, perhaps, thought it a very proper law; but the moment the Mayor bro't it home to them, all who were affected by it joined in swelling, if not sweet, chorus in denunciation of it. Even the ladies, who were grieved for the lack of the lacteal fluid for their tea, coffee, and cookery, added their shrill shrieks to the universal howl against the oppressive statute, and the blessed children, especially such infants as were dependent upon "the bottle" for their sustenance, joined in the general cry. The Mayor brought very many "to *their* milk" by prohibiting the Sunday sale of that furnished by the kine, and raised such a row in Lafayette as was never before known in that city of some 17,000 souls.

This thorough-going magistrate even went so far as to send word to the sextons that they must not ring the church bells, and they would not have been rung had his officers been equal to the task of carrying out his wishes. They were afraid of arousing the indignation of the pious, and this part of the Mayor's programme was not executed. But his honor may yet "silence those dreadful bells" if the sabbatarians and Puritanical pietists persist in their purpose of prohibiting the sale of whisky and lager, especially the latter; for his honor, it is said, came from Frankford-on-the-Main, where the great beer riot occurred the other day. But, whether Mayor Kimmel goes thus far or not, it must be conceded that he has gone far enough to convince the temperance fanatics of Lafayette that they have caught a Teutonic Tartar. —*Phila. Sunday Mercury.*

THE following is the text of the act increasing the pay of members of Congress:

"And the Speaker of the House of Representatives shall, after the present Congress, receive in full, for all his services, compensation at the rate of $10,000 per annum; and Senators, Representatives, and Delegates in the Forty-second Congress, holding such office at the passage of this act, and whose claim to a seat has not been adversely decided, shall receive $7,500 per annum each, and this shall be in lieu of all pay and allowance except actual individual traveling expenses from their homes to the seat of Government and return, by the most direct route of usual travel, once for each session, of the House to which such Senator, member, or Delegate belongs, to be certified to under his hand to the disbursing officer, and filed as a voucher: *Provided*, That in settling the pay and allowances of Senators, members, and Delegates in the Forty-Second Congress, all milcage shall be deducted and no allowance made for expenses of travel."

The bill also contains an appropriation of $125 for newspapers and stationery for each Senator, Representative, and Delegate in Congress. Each member, therefore, is to receive a salary of $7,500 a year, payable monthly, from the 4th of March, 1873; is to receive his expenditure for traveling expenses to and from his home, and $125 for newspapers and stationery. In point of fact, therefore, the law gives each member his actual mileage, or cost of travel, in addition to increased pay.

HE IS THE MAN.—Gen. Garfield has published a long letter in reply to the resolution of a recent Republican Convention at Warren, Ohio, calling upon him to resign from Congress because he had voted for the retroactive salary bill. "If," he exclaims, in concluding his letter, "the delegates believe the retroactive salary clause is so infamous that I ought to resign for voting for the appropriation bill to which it was attached, will they follow out their logic and insist that the President ought to resign for signing it? My vote did not make it a law. His signature did."

This is all perfectly true, and it is not the whole truth. The President not only signed the bill when there was ample time for him to send it back to Congress without his approval and have the back-pay clause stricken out—and this would certainly have been done had he intimated that he was opposed to such an act of plunder—but worse than this, he lobbied for the clause before it was adopted, evincing more anxiety for its passage than even Gen. Butler himself, the ostensible father of the measure before the country; and all this President Grant did notwithstanding that he had but just got himself elected President upon the express condition that he should receive $25,000 a year, and no more, during his four years of office. And everybody knows that if this proposition to give him $50,000 a year had appeared in the platform of his party during the canvass, not even the purchase of the Democratic leaders in North Carolina nor the unparalleled election frauds in Pennsylvania could have saved him from a crushing defeat.

Of course Gen. Grant will not resign, however great the indignation of the people against this act of plunder may be; but the fact should not be forgotten when the next election comes around.—*N. Y. Sun.*

ANOTHER battle has been fought with the Modocs, resulting in the killing of nineteen on our side, and the wounding of twenty-three, but no tidings as to the effect upon the Modocs. This proves, at least, that the Indians have not fled, and that they are desperately defending themselves.

News and Political Items.

—Thirty-two snow storms and five months of winter should satisfy any Greenlander.

—Large brown butterflies in immense swarms are passing through Douglas county, Kan.

—The State Treasury bill has been signed by the Governor. The amount of the bond is $500,000.

—Mr. Peniston, a Philadelphian, has just drawn a $400,000 prize in a Havana lottery. Lucky man.

—R. J. Carey, of Sadsbury twp., Crawford county, has made over 5000 pounds of maple sugar and fifty gallons of syrup this Spring.

—There has been found, in Eldred township, Schuykill county, an immense bed of the finest American umber. It is in the Mahantongo valley, about ten miles from Ashland.

—'Twas the Venango Spectator said this: "As it the smirching of his Credit Mobilier transaction was not enough, Congressman Scofield has taken a partner by the name of Hooker."

—A rough named George Drake, while in the custody of the sheriff of Armstrong county, Pa., jumped from the Brady's Bend accommodation train, Thursday afternoon, and was instantly killed.

—A Rio Janeiro letter of the 5th instant states that owing to the late rains a land slide occurred which threw down the massive stone wall of a building in the Navy Yard, instantly killing twenty women and wounding fifty others.

—Sulivan county has the patriarch raftsman in the person of Judge Moses Tyler, of Damascus. He is eighty-four years of age, and has steered one or more rafts every Spring since he was sixteen. Last Spring he took down three.

—A special from Lafayette, Indiana, says that a house situated some two miles south of the town of Otis was burned on Saturday night, and a man named Skiles, seventy years old, with his daughter and five other children, perished in the flames.

—There is a capital chance for an enterprising young man, who has a taste for farming, up at Clymer, Ohio. A maiden lady living there, of an uncertain age, has recently fallen heir to seven thousand acres of land, and has "no one to love, no one to caress."

—Ex-Senator Caldwell made a good thing out of army transportation in 1866. He has just been allowed a claim for such services amounting to $306,854. That will salve over his being compelled to retire from the Senate, or, if he chooses, buy his way back.

—A Washington special says the result of the consultation between General Sherman and Secretary Robeson has been to order the transfer of large numbers of troops from east of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific coast, and a determined effort to exterminate the Modocs will be made.

—Professor Donaldson made another successful balloon ascension from Centre Square, Allentown, Pa., Monday afternoon, landing near Philipsburg, N. J. As usual he went up on a trapeze bar attached to his balloon, and while ascending performed some daring and wonderful gymnastic feats.

—Chicago's big fire is not all out yet. Smoke was seen issuing from the ruins of a building in the burnt district, the other day, and, on investigation with a pick-axe, a bed of live coals was found. The discoverers roasted some potatoes therein, and ate them in commemoration of the event.

—Robert L. Groendyke, an Iowa boy of nine years, has recently passed an examination entitling him to a certificate as teacher of the second grade if he cares to take it out. There will be a paragraph in the Iowa papers some of these days concluding with: "Dearest Bobby, thou hast left us," &c.

—At Springfield, Massachusetts, on Saturday last, Albert W. Smith was convicted of murder in the first degree. Mr. Smith met Miss Jennie Bates walking home with Charles D. Sachett. This was a sufficient provocation for Smith to shoot Sachett dead, and inflict three serious wounds on Miss Bates.

—Michael Kane, aged about seventy-five years, died in Buena Vista, Clayton county, Iowa, recently, apparently in the most squalid poverty. Some neighbors attempted to remove the half decayed straw tick on which the body lay when a large number of American and foreign gold jingled merrily on the floor.

—At Portland, Maine, on Saturday last, John Warren, aged fifty-six, killed Michael Sullivan, aged sixty, in a fist fight. And what did they quarrel about? Well, an old Frenchman once said a woman was at the bottom of every quarrel. True, in this case. Yet the combatants had each a wife of his own; it was about a third woman that these old fellows quarreled.

—A most remarkable escape from death by lightning occurred near Meadville lately. A Mr. Cyrus Coulter was watering his horse from a bucket, when the lightning passed down between him and the horse (knocking them both down) and into and through the bucket. Neither man nor horse was seriously injured. We think this the most remarkable instance on record.

—A dispatch from Portland, Oregon, say that fourteen hundred Indian warriors are camped at White Bluff, Yakuna river, above Walia-Walla, putting up breastworks. The settlers are greatly alarmed. Indians are traveling about painted, and warn the whites to leave the country. The Spokane Indians are threatening and also warning the settlers to leave. Massacres, like those by the Modocs, are feared.

—The fact that a New York murderer, upon being arraigned for trial, has actually pleaded guilty, my be regarded as one of the extraordinary events of the time. Robert P. Bleckley, who killed his niece, "Maud" Merrill, upon being called for trial, told the Court that he wanted to plead guilty of murder in the first degree; that he had killed his niece, was not insane, and was willing to suffer the consequences.

—From Madison county, Illinois, comes the report that a negro named George Burk, living on the farm of Henry Nair, about three miles west of Collinsville, went home drunk on Saturday night and with an axe chopped off the head and one arm of Maria Bowman, also colored, and threw her body into a ravine. The woman was living in Burk's family, and jealousy is said to have prompted the deed. At last accounts Burk had not been arrested.

—Hon. James Brooks, representative in Congress from New York, died at his residence in that city on Wednesday night at half past eight o'clock, in the presence of his family. He recoguized those around him to the very last moment. He had long been in feeble health from, as he himself frequently said, the effects of fever which he contracted in Asia. The deceased was in his sixty-third year. His death has created a profound sorrow in all circles of the community.

—At Lancaster, Pa., on Monday morning last, Daniel Leary and his wife, two poor people, were upon the Pennsylvania railroad track, picking up coal. Mr. Leary went away from his wife and got caught, in a place where there is a fence close to the edge of the track, by a coal train. He could not escape and was dashed under the wheels of the train and horribly mangled. His skull was crushed in, both legs crushed, and one arm cut off. He made a narrow escape a short time ago from being run over, and had been repeatedly warned to keep off the tracks.

—A correspondent of the Iron ... says, one effect of local option ... press agents have more work ... formerly. A short time ago ... "Jersey lightning" came to ... rected to eleven different ... days ago the expressman on the ... Pittsburg road had twenty-four ... from New Castle to a town ... below. In making his report ... forty-eight blanks had to be filled ... a distance of twelve miles. If ... of things continues, none but ... telegraph operators can do the ... writing.

—In Pennsylvania, Maine and other States, the late freshets in the ... have floated millions of feet of ... which is gathered at the ... ready to be sent to a market. ... the rivers have been heavier than ... for several seasons past, owing to ... snows of last winter, and the rains ... companied the breaking up of the ... weather. The lumbering interest ... country is growing in importance ... year, and the price of timber ... owing to the augmented demand ... advanced cost of getting it to ...

—A singular thing has transpired ... Bridgeport, Conn. Mr. George ... exhuming the remains of his ... Mrs. Abigail Poole, who was ... teen years ago, discovered that ... had petrified. A singular ... tion with this remarkable ... the cords of the neck were ... ble, and in raising the body ... the head hung over backward ... and coffin had gone entirely to ... the grave partly filled with ... had to be bailed out before the ... reached. Mrs. Poole was eighty-... and five months old at the ... death.

—At Saltsburg, twelve miles ... burgh, a most diabolical murder ... mitted on last Monday. It appears ... young girl, thirteen years of ... Eliza Mess, was sent by ... the lady who adopted her to the ... Saltsburg station. Not returning ... as she expected Mrs. ... search of her, and some ... house, found her writhing in ... of death, with a number of ... her head which were ... with a large stone lying near. ... carried to the nearest house, but ... unconscious until her death, which ... red in a very short time. It is ... that her person was first outraged ... murder then committed. ... have been arrested on ... excitement prevails in the ... this terrible tragedy occurred.

A DAUGHTER'S DISMISSION ... ER'S DEATH.—*Deadful Story ... western Kentucky.*—In the ... Clarke, a prominent citizen of ... a man of family, there lately ... capacity of servant, a young ... widowed mother lives in ... On last Friday, as the girl ... sent her to a house of a ... Anna Adams, where she ... On Saturday the mother, ... to be a worthy and honest ... having seen her daughter ... concluded to make her a ... ingly she journeyed to ... to Clarke's house and ... daughter. Clarke informed ... was not there, but refused to ... formation as to her whereabouts. ... mother went down into the ... making further inquiry, had ... to her the house where her ... To this house she proceeded, ... horrible to relate, or the scene ... opened the door of the room ... daughter was, the latter was dead ... a child. The stricken mother, ... the situation at a glance, ... bedside of her erring daughter, ... out speaking a word, fell dead ... The physician in attendance, ... assistance, supposing she had ... found she was beyond the aid ... science. The shock when the ... of the disgrace of her child and ... came upon her, killed her as ... a bullet in the heart would ... The girl says that Clarke is the ... her child, which, happily is ... icate creature, not likely to ... days. The affair has caused ... citement in Smithland.

LIFE AND DEATH.—Those ... the first approaches of ill ... of proper remedies, will ... sumption. It is a disease ... ing of its approaches in ... which are well known, and ... zable by not only physicians ... persons in the ordinary ... Among these are cough, ... tion, falling of the hair, ... of blood, and oftentimes ... in the chest through the ... ser's Lung Cure will cure ... disease begins, it will arrest ... have gone on for some time, ... viate, and has often cured, ... Dr. Keyser has an office for ... disease, at 167 Liberty street, ... where thousands of cures ... many of which are detailed ... essay which will be sent free, ... as above. Price of Lung Cure, ... tle, or $7.50 per half dozen.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

John Dougherty

Subject to the decision of the ... ty Convention. [Ebensburg, ...

CAUTION.—All persons ... cautioned against interfering ... with the following described property, ... was purchased by me at Sheriff's ... with Henry Little, of Allegheny ... ing my pleasure: 1 bay horse, ... red cow with white face, 1 black ... face, 1 two-horse spring wagon, ... wagon, 1 one-horse spring wagon, ... sled, 1 one-horse sled, 1 set ... CHARLES ...

Allegheny Twp., April 9, 1873.

LOOK HERE.

THE undersigned desires to inform the citizens of Chest Springs and ... has this day bought from Jas. A. ... BLACKSMITH SHOP, Stock and ... carry on the business in all its ... cial attention paid to Horse Shoeing. ... tronage of the public is respectfully ... and satisfaction guaranteed. ... Grain taken in exchange for ... W. S. ...

Chest Springs, April 5, 1873.-3*

NOTICE IN PARTITION.

To Mary Rager, intermarried with ... Alfred Constable, one of the heirs and ... presentatives of Philip Rager, deceased: ...

Take notice that an inquest will be held ... the late dwelling house of Philip Rager, ... Jackson township, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, deceased, on Monday, May 19th, 1873, at 2 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of ... partition of the real estate of said deceased ... and among his children and heirs and legal representatives, if the same can be done without prejudice to or spoiling the whole thereof, or ... ue and appraise the same. At which time and ... place you are requested to attend if you think proper.

W. H. ROBARTS, ...
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, April 18, 1873.

Estate Notice.

HAVING obtained Letters of Administration on the Estate of Peter J. ... Barr township, Cambria county, ... designed hereby notifies all persons ... to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

HENRY S. ...
Barr Twp., April 18, 1873.-6*

GEO. M. READE, Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in ... recently erected on Centre street, ... from High street.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,
Friday, - - - - - - May 2, 1873.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Johnstown is promised a prize fight to-morrow evening.

—May there be many better days in store than the first day of May.

—Several cases of spotted fever are reported in the vicinity of Gallitzin.

—Beer and ale is now furnished to local dealers in the original package at club rates.

—The railroad station house at Barre, Huntingdon county, was recently destroyed by fire.

—Sheriff Pie, of Clearfield, is said to be about as *crusty* as his name would seem to indicate.

—Myers, the young man stabbed by Nash at Hemlock, a few days ago, is said to be in a precarious condition.

—John Williams was struck on the temple by a board, at the rolling mill, Johnstown, a few days ago, and may die from injuries.

—"West Ward the star of empire takes its way." So at least think several West Ward aspirants for official honors, ourself being one number.

—A large, varied and exceedingly handsome stock of seasonable dry goods is now being opened at M. L. Oatman's cheap store. Ladies, do you hear that?

—The portly form of Capt. Woodruff, late editor of the Johnstown *Democrat*, presented itself to our mortal vision yesterday. Thrice welcome, come when you may.

—Adolph Roush, Esq., a well known citizen and a very prominent citizen of Altoona, died on Sunday evening last from the effects of belladonna taken into his system on the 11th ult.

—Hutchinson says that the public square in Johnstown is to be fenced in and whitewashed. Whitewashing a public square is certainly an original if not a brilliant idea. Better whitewash the fence.

—Colonel Lewis Shank, of Adams township, announces his willingness to be nominated by the next Democratic county convention for the office of County Commissioner. Said to be a deserving man.

—Notary, thank you, Brainard. Can't we go into the perusal of your learned opinion on soap by holding out the whole range for an entertaining pun" moment. Pike, with or without the Me, is quite at bare hooks.

—Six sheep belonging to Mr. John Wherley, of Cambria township, were killed by dogs on Sunday night. Besides two or three dead, and now John proposes to go gunning for any stray dog that may hereafter be seen prowling about his premises.

—An old man 75 years of age was arrested in Salisbury, Indiana county, on Saturday morning last, on a charge of—well, what do you suppose, reader? Nothing more nor less than fornication and bastardy, information he was held in proper bail for his appearance.

—S. P. Tierney, Esq., is retained for the defense in the trial of Daniel Amhiser for the murder of James Estep, now progressing at Hollidaysburg, and the Altoona *Tribune* says that his opening argument was bold and effective. Frank is pushing things that way.

—A dispatch from Milford, Pa., says that an unknown man was found unconscious in a boat on the Delaware river at Narrowsburg on Tuesday, and died shortly after. He was dressed in a dark suit and overshirt, and is evidently a printer from the fact of judging from papers found in his possession.

—In order to afford room for a pun, the Altoona *Democrat* dubs Altoona's chief magistrate Mayor Klinch, instead of Kinch, and hopes the Altoona papers which are making so much ado about certain alleged irregularities in his administration will settle the matter and be done with it. An excellent pun.

—The "little onpleasantness" existing between Dr. Bitner, of Altoona, and the editors, editor, local reporter and correspondent of the Johnstown *Voice*, growing out of the notorious Baer case, has amicably settled to the satisfaction of all concerned. That's the proper way to settle such difficulties.

—The Clearfield *Raftsman's Journal* has the audacity to declare that the greatest of the "Legends of the Juniata," being furnished in MSS. to the Altoona *Tribune*, originally appeared in a book called the *Western Hemisphere*, several years ago. Hope that's a li—bel on the dead author.

—A brief visit from John Reilly, Esq., Supt. R. Superintendent of Transportation, Altoona, was vouchsafed us yesterday. We have on personal merit alone assisted the ladder of success to a greater height than Mr. Reilly, and none there are more deserving of higher honors or emoluments. May he attain all the ambition aims at.

—The well known Loretto Marble Works recently passed into the hands of Schwab & Co., who give promise no doubt are fully competent to render entire satisfaction to those who may favor them. We commend them to all who need work in their line, and believe will make good all promises as to style, finish and price of work turned out.

—The talented and popular State Senator, Wm. A. Wallace, has been elected President of the Texas and Pacific R. R. Col. Thomas A. Scott is the head of this road, which extends from Marshall, Texas, to San Deigo, California, a few hundred miles in length. Five hundred miles of the road is already under contract. Mr. Wallace is going to do about it as he has yet transpired.

—J. Young, a highly respected citizen of Spring Mills, Centre county, committed suicide about two weeks ago, by cutting a gash in his arm and bleeding to death. He leaves a wife and two children. The person was found a short note, written with a lead pencil, in these words: "My wife and children, I am the innocent victim of a conspiracy." What this conspiracy is no one knows.

—On Wednesday last, says the Clearfield *Republican's Journal*, a young man named Ritzer, from near Bridgeport, a few miles above Curwensville, came to this place for the purpose of collecting some money arising from the sale of shook. The money was obtained, and he started for home, on foot, about 9 o'clock on the evening; since which time he has not been seen or heard from. Whether he has foully dealt with, or whether he has met with the money, is not known. The sudden and mysterious disappearance has his friends much anxiety. We do now what we should have done at first—notice the receipt by the Dauntless Company of over five hundred volumes of books, comprising the works of all the noted authors in this country and Europe. Other books still on the way to be received, and taken altogether the laddies" will then be able to boast largest and most select library that been in the State of like proportions can claim to. The library is under the of Mr. Peter L. Linton, who will be every Friday evening from 6.30 to clock, until further notice, to furnish books to all who may be entitled to Tickets can be had from the librafor a year, $2 for six months.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

John B. Jones, Guardian, to Wm. Flattery, Aug. 29, 1868, lot in the borough of Conemaugh	$ 250.00
Cambria Iron Co. to Wm. Flattery, April 27, 1866, lot in Johnstown	1,000.00
John Pickworth and wife to Rob't Pickworth, Sept. 15, 1871, lot and buildings in Conemaugh twp.	1.00
Americus Bender and wife to John Weber, April 11, 1857, 15 acres in Carroll township	90.00
John Weber and wife to John Bender, March 25, 1873, 50 acres and 29 perches in Carroll township	2,500.00
Edward Weber and wife to Joseph Lantzy, March 22, 1873, 100 acres in Carroll township	1,600.00
Sheriff of Cambria county to B. F. Yeagley, March 12, 1873, house and lot in Johnstown	2,600.00
Jacob Sharbaugh and wife to Paul Elig, April 6, 1872, house and lot in Carrolltown	2,000 00
Jno. Smay, jr., to Jno. Rider, Sept. 18, 1872, 100 acres in Summerhill township	265 00
Wm. Lern and wife to Thomas Martin, March 15, 1873, house and lot in Prospect borough	562.00
Treasurer of Cambria county to John Williams, July 5, 1866, 100 acres in Carroll township	650.00
Sitman's Heirs to Samuel Miller, June 21, 1872, 114 acres and 136 perches in Adams township	2,450.00
Henry Shoemaker, guardian of the minor heirs of Wm. T. Sitman, dec'd, to Samuel Miller, June 10, 1872, 114 acres and 132 perches in Adams township	850.00
Lewis Darmayer and wife to Mary King, March 13, 1867, 104 acres and 77 perches in Richland twp.	1,149.00
Wm. King and wife to Jacob G. Varner and others, March 6, 1873, lot in Adams township	25.00
Henry Topper and wife and Henry Kiper and wife to George Custer, May 22, '69, 50 acres in Richland township	570.00
Christian Emigh and wife to David Wissinger, Jan. 27, 1870, 100 acres in Richland township	1,800.00
J. M. Harshberger and wife to David Wissinger, Feb. 7, 1873, 41 acres and 35 perches in Adams township	494.00
Rose McGough to Catharin Parrish, May 30, 1872, 1 acre in Washington township	200.00
Henry Stremel and wife to Lewis Leitenberger, April 1, 1873, house and lot in Johnstown	2,900.00
John Dibert's Heirs to John Fry, June 27, 1866, lot in Johnstown	500.00
James Morten and wife to John H. Morten, March 22, 1873, half lot in Johnstown	400.00
Richard Crook and wife to John Hitchins, March 20, 1873, lot in Johnstown	1,550.00
John Fry and wife to Geo. Walkins, March 4, 1868, house and lot in Johnstown	600.00
E. James and others to John Benton, Aug. 25, 1869, 6 acres and 32¾ perches in Conemaugh township	1,950.00

TWO LADIES GORED BY A COW.—Near Blairsville, Indiana county, on Saturday evening last, Mrs. Henry Tries and daughter, aunt and cousin of our respected townsman, T. J. Chapman, Esq., County Superintendent, were, as we learn from the Altoona *Tribune*, terribly gored by a cow. Mrs. Tries, aged about sixty years, had been to town for the purpose of transacting some business, and upon returning to her home just outside the borough limits, proceeded to the barn-yard for the purpose of milking a vicious cow, when the animal turned upon her and inflicted very serious, and, probably, fatal injuries. The enraged brute gored the old lady in the face, the point of one of the horns entering her upper lip and coming out just below the left eye, tearing out her upper jaw, a portion of her nose and a part of the side of her face. She was also thrown violently to the ground and stamped upon by the animal. Miss Lilly Tries, a young lady aged eighteen years, and daughter of the former lady, rushed to the rescue of her mother, when she too was attacked by the maddened brute and gored in the leg between the hip and the knee, losing a considerable quantity of flesh and sustaining a very painful injury. The latter will probably recover, but fears are entertained that the injuries sustained by Mrs. Tries will result fatally, although surgical aid was promptly summoned.

"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."—The advance agent of the world renowned Alleghanian Vocalists and Swiss Bell Ringers, brings us the glorious news that this popular troupe will appear at the Court House, Monday evening, May 12th. We know of no troupe so deservedly meritorious as "these wonderful children of song," and having added a newly reconstructed programme, with New Songs, New Duetts, New Bell Pieces, and presenting New Faces, cannot fail to have an overflowing house. During their great tour around the globe, the concerts of the Alleghanians were honored by the attendance of hundreds of thousands of delighted listeners—Kings, Queens, Nobles, and the most distinguished men of the age, patronized their entertainments, and lavished upon them the most flattering demonstrations of approval. The Bells used by the Alleghanians were manufactured in Switzerland, expressly for them, during their late visit to Europe.

The Alleghanians present free to every lady and gentleman on entering the hall with a "Musical Casket," which is fully worth the price of admission and is a new feature of their concert.

A CASE OF FORGERY.—Frederick Fleeger, a German, has been employed for some time past as a teamster for Mr. Ephraim Adams, of Taylor township, and latterly had been hauling lumber manufactured by that gentleman for the Cambria Iron Company. Last week he discovered the amount due his employer was $77.40, and being an adept in the chirographic art, he drew up an order upon the Company for that sum, signing thereto the name of Mr. Adams. The paper he presented was considered genuine, and the money was accordingly paid. He immediately took his departure, and it was not until Mr. Adams presented his bill on Monday last that the forgery was found out. He had been somewhat surprised at his employee leaving so suddenly without vouchsafing an explanation, but the discovery that the money had been drawn on a surreptitious order, furnished a very palpable reason for his incontinent departure. An information was at once made before Justice Strayer, and a warrant for the arrest of the forger issued. At present writing he has not been caught.—*Johnstown Tribune*, 30th.

Of all the dastardly wretches that afflict society, he is the most depraved who attempts the wholesale slaughter of his fellow men. An information has been made before an officer of the law in this city against some unhung fiend, who has been placing obstructions upon the railroad track near Wilmore, for the evident purpose of throwing a passenger train from the track. The perpetrator of this crime is shadowed, and his arrest will undoubtedly be effected. There is no telling what fearful results might have followed, if the cross ties that he placed upon the track had not fortunately been discovered by a gentleman who lives in the neighborhood, and who removed them before the train came along. When caught, as he certainly will be, the severest punishment should be meted out to him.—*Johnstown Tribune*, 30th.

Local Correspondence.

JOHNSTOWN, April 30, 1873.

Dear Freeman.—The sly local of the *Tribune* thus touchingly draws the portrait of several colored brethren preachers. Of Rev. Fortune he says: "When he first arrived in the village (Johnstown) he was unable to read, but by dint of hard study he was soon able to master the alphabet." Of Mr. J——— he says: "He now sleeps calmly and peacefully in Sandy Vale Cemetery, where the flowing waters of the Stony creek ripple his requiem."

The local of the *Voice*, however, is ten spots ahead. He is not only familiar with the Bible, but also with Hoyle. He says of Congress:

"Would it not be better to clean out the whole crew of Congressmen at Washington, as Christ scourged with rods the moneylenders from the temple, and elect men and better men? Do we not need an entire new deal in which the cards will not be stocked, and in which the 'Heathen Chinee,' the politicians by profession, will not hold four aces in his hand for the purpose of respectable robbery."

M. P. MEAGHER.

The subject of this *memoir* was born in Ireland, but came to this country a few years ago. About three years since he located in Johnstown, and his quick business eye perceived that something was wanting in a town and county that had so many representatives from the Emerald Isle. So he immediately opened a book store for the sale of religious books and periodicals. His enterprise proved a success, and he has just lately laid in an immense stock of religious books suitable for the Catholic service, which he will sell at New York prices. It is said that angels sometimes visit us unaware. We do not know how this is, but we do know that Mr. Meagher is as good as an angel at any time, and he is now doing as much good. With a heart as large as the Peak of Tenneriffe, and a business tact possessed by few, he is now supplying the county with such books as the Lives of Father Gallitzin and Roger B. Taney, Bibles, prayer-books, catechisms, and other religious works, pictures, crucifixes, newspapers, etc., at the cheapest possible rates. We hope every son and daughter of our noble mountain county will give him a call. They will find a most obliging gentleman to deal with, and no churl in any respect. He keeps near Brady's old hotel, opposite the Marble Works, Franklin street.

OIL AND WATER.

The great issue between *white* and *black* is being developed in this place, and the doctrine that oil and water will not mix is now established. The School Directors of this borough built a house on a lot owned by the M. E. Church, and when they vacated it they sold the house to that Church. Having no use for it, the latter rented it to the Albright Church, every member of which is a Republican and old Know-Nothing. This Church used the building aforesaid for about three months, when the M. E. Church also rented it to the negroes, who have greatly increased in this place since Messrs. Rosensteel & Co. have hired negroes instead of white men to run their tannery. When the Albrights found out that they had to associate with negroes, they left the building and demanded that their rent should be refunded. Some of the amalgamationists still adhere to the negroes, but nine-tenths of the people are in favor of the Albright movement. Let Ham associate with Ham and Shem with Shem. So say we. Oil and water will not mix.

THE LATE STORMS.

There are three theories given for the very late spring and the very long winter. One is, that the crust of the earth is cooling or getting thicker every year, and the fire at the center is diminishing. The second theory is, that the fire in the sun is decreasing. The large spots on the sun are burnt out districts that afford no heat. The third theory is, that the earth is going away from the sun, every annual revolution sending it out further and further towards the limits of the universe. Our theory is, that man is a *confounded grumbler*, and thinks every returning season the worst one he ever saw, and my theory is correct.

EARLY POTATOES.

If farmers want early potatoes, let them purchase the "Peerless Potato," and cut each one so that each cut will have an *eye*, then plant them about a foot deep, in rich soil, around the ears and chins of the local editors of the Johnstown papers. If they don't grow it will not be for the want of *peerless soil* and *bone dust*, but for want of *internal* heat. *Eternal* heat may cause the buds to germinate after the reportorial career has shuffled off its mortal coil. That's what you fellows get for telling us to get to h—China.

LINCOLN STREET.

There is a quarrel about opening Lincoln street. Indeed, we never knew anything of that name that there was not a quarrel about. Even the monument of the *late lamented* stands unfinished, some Godforsaken carpet-bagger having done the job half and pocketed the profits. As this fight about the street is all in the Lincoln family, we will say nothing on either side. A. K. is a good friend of ours. So is F. W. H., and so is J. M. C., and so is C. B. E.. and the only way we can keep out of the fight is just to say that it is not a *Democratic measure*. Just call it Adams street, or Greely street, and then we are in! But, seriously, we think the time will come when that street and Locust must be opened, and the *sooner* the *quicker*.

OTHER MATTERS.

The Redemptorist Fathers will open a Mission in St. John's (Catholic) church, on May 4th, to continue two weeks.

J. C. M'Featers closed his school at Mineral Point with an exhibition. There are few such teachers in this State. I may safely say he is the best in the county, and this kind of overshadows ourself, but we cannot help that. *Fiat justitia ruat coelum!*

If we don't get the nomination for the Legislature in June, we will spite the people by going to California in September, from which elysium we will write *prosy* letters back to the *Freeman* and other papers. It will take us three years to describe the Sacramento and Joaquin valleys, and by that time we will be eligible to Congress, where we intend to land, (*Deo volente.*) In the meantime let all *pseudo* friends keep their hair cropped short, or we will tumble them over *ultima thule*, where Milton's fallen angels fell nine days.

Campbell findeth *Nathaniel* and saith unto him, follow me. And Nathaniel saith, can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Jim saith, come and see! Sam putteth his finger on his nose.

Jacob Fend makes and keeps pure candies and fresh crackers for sale, wholesale or retail. Jacob is an obliging man and as honest as the day is long. Let buyers take the hint and purchase nowhere else.

Ice cream doesn't sell here as fast as it would in Cuba. Cause why, our prosy editors here keep the air constantly chilled.

PO YANG.

HOME AGAIN, April 27, 1873

DEAR FREEMAN—No doubt you are surprised at my long silence. In truth, I tho't I had seen enough of the world, but I see verified in my own person the wise saying of holy Job: "What a man is in his youth, that will he be in his old age." So you see, according to this, that I will be a rover on the face of the earth all the days of my life. But what difference is it where a man dwells so that he secures for himself a peaceful abode in that land from whence no traveler has ever returned? Still I must confess that my heart yearns after those dear associations that are inseperably linked with *Home*. Often indeed we meet true friends whose kind words cheer our drooping spirits. Still there is something wanting—some dear one to whom we can open our oppressed and sad heart without reserve—some one to calm our agitated mind with gentle words and encourage us on in the narrow path which leads to a happy eternity. And where can such a person be found? Where is the abode of that ministering angel? You, gentle reader, and every one else must answer, in no place but—*Home!*

I was much surprised, in looking over my mail matter, to find a letter from a young lady who was evidently much hurt by the perusal of my last epistle in the *Freeman*, published some time ago. Now I protest sincerely that I had no intention to hurt any one's feelings, much less the feelings of the *fair one* from whom I received the following *billet doux*. I have no doubt that she is ere this sorry for her hasty scribbling; yet it is in justice to myself, as well as for the benefit of your other correspondents, that I give this offended *beauty's* letter in full:

HOME, Feb'y 20th, 1873.

MR. ROVER—*Sir:* It ill becomes you to give instructions to others, since you have not yet learned to conduct yourself as a polite gentleman. Although you did not give real names in your recent letter to the *Freeman*, I know full well for whom your sarcastic remarks were intended. Your design has failed. Still, that does not excuse you. Could you have done worse you surely would have done it. I cannot forbear telling you, worthy sir, how much us girls admire those thirteen hairs on your upper lip which you are pleased to style a mustache. It looks very well indeed, but it lacks the essential number of hairs. I would advise you to wash your face and wait two or three years more. You might then, with the aid of a little essence of boot-blacking, get up something presentable in the shape of a mustache. Many will agree with me in saying that trying to force nature is worse than using cosmetics.

Yours, contemptuously,
ARABELLA LIGHTFOOT.

Well now, if that don't take the starch right out, I'm not a sinner! Is she a clincher? More anon. ROVER.

PROF. FOWLER'S GREATEST WORK.—The National Publishing Company, of Philadelphia, have just issued a very important and valuable work, by Prof. O. S. Fowler, on Manhood, Womanhood, and their Mutual Interrelations. Love, Its Laws, Power, &c. It is a masterly exposition of the laws which control the relations of the sexes, and their duties towards each other, and it is not asserting too much to pronounce it the most valuable and timely publication of the age.

"Know thyself!" was the profound injunction of the ancient sage, and it is the neglect to comply with this precept which causes nearly all the misery and sickness of the world. It is astonishing to find how utterly ignorant men and women, otherwise accomplished and intelligent, are concerning themselves. Husbands and wives constantly feel the need of more light on the subject of their relations to each other, especially concerning the great duty for which marriage was instituted—the begetting and rearing of a family.

It is for the purpose of diffusing this knowledge that Professor Fowler has given to the world this work on "Sexual Science," which is simply an explanation of the laws which govern the sexes in their relations to each other. He points out the duties of husbands and wives and discloses facts of which no true man or woman ought to be ignorant. He lets us into the secret of preserving female health and beauty far into old age, and shows how mothers can avoid much of the suffering of bringing children into the world—a subject in which every woman is interested, and how "female complaints" may be avoided with ease and certainty.

His book is pure and elevated in its style and ideas, and furnishes a practical solution of many of the most perplexing questions of life. It should be read by the young and old, by the married and single, and especially by those contemplating marriage. It touches upon questions and discusses them thoroughly, in which every married person is interested. The advice which it gives to unhappy or indifferent husbands and wives is sound and practical, and its warnings to those who seek to promote pleasure at the expense of health ought to be read by every one. The terrible practice of "regulating the size of families," which prevails in many parts of our country, is shown in its true light, and we commend the chapters concerning it to every husband and wife.

All friends of morality and purity in social life will hail the advent of Professor Fowler's book with delight, and those who seek information upon the curious and tragic features of domestic life, those who would study human nature stripped of its marks and disguises, will find this volume the best hand-book in existence. Young men who value their domestic happiness, should not fail to read his remarks on the subject of selecting a wife, as the information it contains is beyond value.

The book is a real blessing to the public, and will be regarded as such by all who read it. The low price at which it is issued brings it within the reach of all, and every person who wants to arrive at a proper understanding of the true relations of the sexes, should procure a copy. It is sold by subscription only, and agents are wanted in every county.

BALLOU'S MAGAZINE FOR MAY.—This magazine for May is issued, and a bright handsome number it is, with a table of contents such as no other serial in the country can boast of. The best stories, the best historical matter, and the best poetry can always be found in its list of contents, and to prove that such is the case just glance your eye over what the May number affords:—"An Ancient Lighthouse;" "An African Musical Instrument;" "Parlor Amusement:" The Eleventh Hour;" "A Farewell;" "The Impressed Seaman;" "A LittleLove;" "The Little Stranger;" "The Belle of the Ball;" "To be Sold for Debt;" "The Darien Ship Canal;" "The Painter Friar;" "Three Evenings;" "Marriage in China;" "At Last;" "A Very Suspicious Letter;" "Tom and I;" "My Own Rival;" "An August Afternoon;" "OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY-TELLER.—Nicky the Waif;" "Fishing for Pickerel;" "Ruthven's Puzzle Pag;" "Curious Matters;" "The Housekeeper;" "Facts and Fancies;" "Geniuses of the Present Age.—Humorous Illustrations." Only 15 cents single copies and $1.50 per year. Address Thomes & Talbot, 36 Broomfield Street, Boston.

—As it is never too late to do good, we note with pleasure, even at this remote day, the fact that Hon. C. L. Pershing and family met with a most cordial and princely reception at the hands of the good people of Pottsville, on the occasion of their recent removal to that place. Their house was put in complete order, carpets laid, blinds arranged, and furniture adjusted, after which a grand reception was given them. Such kindness could not be bestowed upon a more worthy man than Judge Pershing, who has not only won the good opinion of the people of his judicial district, but has earned the plaudits of Judges Black and Thompson by his judicial rulings so far.

—Mr. Abel Lloyd's new summer resort, opposite the railroad depot at Ebensburg, will be thrown open for the reception of summer visitor's in May. It is one of the neatest hostelries in the State, is located in a charming neighborhood, and is conducted on the Local Option plan. A long day's ride on a fast passenger train would fail to take one to a place where purer air, clearer water, better squirrel-hunting and trout-fishing, and better accommodations generally, can be had than there. That is what the Altoona *Tribune* says about Abe, and we endorse every word of it.

—Attention is invited to the card of Mr. John Fitzharris, proprietor of the Crawford House in this place, who knows about as well as the next man how to run a hotel to the entire satisfaction of all sojourners thereat. Mr. F. deserves well of our people and we hope he will not lack for patronage.

Communications.

FARM HOUSE HOTEL, April 26, '73.

MR. EDITOR—I am glad to be able to inform you, and through your paper the public, that the people are every day becoming more impressed with the confident hope that there will be such united and harmonious action in our next county convention as will ensure an old-fashioned majority for the entire Democratic ticket next fall. There is seemingly a settled determination on part of the rank and file of the party to ignore all and every effort put forth by aspirants for office to pledge and tie down the delegates for any man or set of men who may desire that none but themselves should be considered as entitled to public favor. With such a purpose, and desiring such results as union and triumph for the whole ticket, it behooves the people to see to it that none but tried and true men of the party are elected as delegates to the county convention. That done, the next step should be to "let the office seek the man," and then indeed will all be well with the party. The cry of "Ring" and "packed convention" will in the event of such a course no longer be made the pretext for disagreement and dissension. Let the past be forgotten in the better spirit of the present, and then even he who is without sin will have no excuse for casting the first stone.

I have learned with much pleasure of the commendation bestowed by many worthy Democrats upon an editorial on this subject in a recent issue of the Johnstown *Democrat*, and feel some pride in knowing that my previous communnication was the text from which that well-timed sermon was preached. If the advice given in the article referred to is heeded and acted upon in the selection of delegates, who can doubt the result?

Let traveling politicians and office-seekers be taught to remain at home; let sorcheads and everlasting growlers be given to understand that offices were not made for the needy and the greedy, but for the benefit and advantage of the whole people—the laborer, the mechanic, the professional man—for men in every station of life, provided they are capable, honest and deserving. Let all sectional differences be forgotten; let no preference other than their personal merits warrant be given in the selection of candidates for office, no matter whether they aspire from the "*Mountain Top*," the village ward, or the populous city in the valley. Let there be no preference for nationality, creed, or position in life. Let no pledge or combination stand in the way of selecting a ticket fresh from the ranks of the party, whether the chosen ones be known as aspirants for office or not. Such a spirit I believe now prevails among the masses of the party, and I hope it will continue to prevail to the end. If so, an unobjectionable ticket will be presented and a glorious victory will follow as a matter of course. Yours, &c., FOR.

HALLOA there! are you aware that from Huntley, the fair dealer and square, you can buy the best of hardware, and home-made tinware, and all kinds of wood ware, besides every style of glassware, and groceries cheap, fresh and rare, at prices that will for cheapness compare with those of any like dealer here or elsewhere? If you don't know these facts, call at Huntley's big house-furnishing depot, Ebensburg, and you will soon see "how it is yourself;" but if you do know them and don't act on the knowledge, we can only say that you are standing very much in your light, and the sooner you get out of it the better for your pocket-book.

SOME people may talk about the big stock of flour, feed and groceries they keep; and others may try to induce persons to buy by declaring they sell very cheap. Yet this bear in mind, nowhere will you find, though you seek o'er and o'er, better flour and feed, and other things that you need, than at E. J. Mills' cheap store. Try his choice teas.

THE RIGHT WAY.—The way to get rich is to spend less money than you earn, and the proper way to do this is to buy where you can buy the cheapest, and buy only what you need. Myers & Lloyd's great mercantile mart offers the best inducements to cash purchasers in this region. Goods very cheap, very select, and very abundant.

THE PUREST AND SWEETEST COD-LIVER OIL is Hazard & Caswell's, made on the sea shore from fresh, selected livers, by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York. It is absolutely *pure* and *sweet*. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market. [12w.]

HYMENEAL.

DAVIS—MAGUIRE.—Married, in Washington City, D. C., on Tuesday last, by Rev. Father Boyle, Mr. JOHN D. DAVIS, of Philadelphia, (formerly of this place,) and Miss JENNIE, second daughter of Maj. Thos. A. Maguire, of the first named city, late of Johnstown.

OBITUARY.

LITZINGER.—Died, at the residence of her brother Robert, in Johnstown, on Monday last, of consumption, Miss SUE A. LITZINGER, aged 33 years, 1 month and 18 days.

To many a sympathetic heart will the death of this estimable young lady bring a pang of sincere sorrow, for of her it may truly be said that "none knew her but to love her, none named her but to praise." Endowed by nature with much personal beauty and possessed of a most amiable and pleasing disposition, she won the esteem and respect of all who knew her, and now that she has been summoned, as we fondly hope, to a brighter and better world, those who knew her most intimately and loved her most dearly will long cherish her memory with sincere affection. Throughout her brief but painful illness she manifested true Christian fortitude and resignation, and when the time for her departure came she prayerfully and hopefully resigned her spirit into the hands of Him who created it. Her remains were brought to our town on Wednesday morning, and after a solemn High Mass of requiem, were consigned to their last earthly resting place beside those of her patriot brothers, Adj. Thos. J. Litzinger and Drummer-boy Andrew J. Litzinger, in the Catholic cemetery in this place. May she rest in peace.

MILLS.—Died, in Cambria twp., on Monday last, George Mills, aged 49 years. The fourth victim of dipitheria at this family recently.

CARD.—The undersigned will open a SELECT SCHOOL in Union School House building, Ebensburg, on MONDAY, MAY 12TH, in t. Tuition fee, one dollar per month.
May 2, 2t.* HANNAH EVANS.

CRAWFORD HOUSE,

EBENSBURG, PA.

John Fitzharris, - Proprietor.

HAVING leased and refurnished the above well known and popular hotel, the proprietor is now amply prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage. The best that the market affords will be served at the Table at all seasons, the Bar will be kept constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and the commodious Stable will be under the charge of a careful and attentive hostler. No effort will be spared to render guests comfortable and well pleased in every particular, and by prompt attention to business and moderate scale of prices the proprietor hopes to win his way to public favor. (May 2, 1873.-tf.]

WAGES

FOR ALL WHO ARE WILLING TO WORK. Any person, old or young, of either sex, can make from $10 to $50 per week, at home day or evening. Wanted by all. Suitable to either City or Country, and any season of the year. This is a rare opportunity for those who are out of work, and out of money, to make an independent living. No capital being required. Our pamphlet "HOW TO MAKE A LIVING," giving full instructions, sent on receipt of 10 cents. Address, A. BURTON & CO., Morrisania, Westchester Co., N. Y.

The Parlor Companion.

Every lady wants one!
Every man ought to have one!!
Sent on receipt of Ten Cents. Address, L. F. HYDE & CO., 195 Seventh Avenue, New York.

BON-TON FLIRTATION SIGNALS,

Sent on receipt of 25 cts. Unique Printing and Publishing House, 36 Vesey Street, N. Y.

The Beckwith $20 Portable Family Sewing Machine, on 30 Days Trial: many advantages over all. Satisfaction guaranteed, or $20 refunded. Sent complete, with full directions. Beckwith Sewing Machine Co., 862 Broadway, New York.

JAMES J. GATMAN, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
EBENSBURG, PA.

Office on High street, nearly opposite Blair's Hotel. Residence on Crawford st., West Ward, where night calls should be made. [4-4-tf.]

WEST'S IMPROVED PUMPS

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Always the premium Pumps; widely known and highly appreciated. A pump and a fire engine in one. Anti-freezing, strong and durable, good for wells or cisterns, and for raising and throwing water for all purposes. Also, West's square tube **Lightning Rods**, the neatest, best and cheapest. Circulars with cuts and price lists free. J. D. West & Co., 40 Cortlandt St., New York. [May 2.-4m.]

Trial List.

LIST OF CAUSES set down for trial at an Adjourned Court of Common Pleas, to be held at Ebensburg for Cambria county, commencing on MONDAY, 26TH MAY, 1873, at 10 o'clock, A. M.:

Biffinger, Assignee of
Bonecker.....vs. George Heather.
James McDermitt.....vs. John W. Martin et. al.
J. K. HITE, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, May 2, 1873.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of *Vend. Expon.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Benford House, Johnstown, on SATURDAY, the 17TH DAY OF MAY next, at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following Real Estate, to wit: All the right, title and interest of Sarah J. Morrison, Executrix of Abraham Morrison, dec'd, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in that part of Johnstown borough known as Kernville, fronting on Morris street and extending back to an alley—adjoining property of A. Robb on one side and an alley on the other—having erected thereon a two story frame double house, a frame stable, and other outbuildings, now in the occupancy of Sarah J. Morrison and David Davis. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Robert Morris, Executor of Anna Bloodgood, deceased.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, April 28, 1873.-3t.

AUDITORS OF GALLITZIN TOWNSHIP in account with CORNELIUS HANLON, Supervisor, for the year 1872:

DR.

To amount of Duplicate	$446 22
To balance due at last settlement	35 50
To order on County Treasurer, (Tax on Unseated Lands,)	57 44
To order on Supervisors	35 78
Total	$574 95

CR.

By exonerations	$ 5 13
By services as Supervisor, 65 days, at $1.50 per day	77 50
By 17 days with team, (C. Hanlon,) at $4 per day	68 00
By cash paid to James Hanlon for cutting trees	25 00
By cash paid to James Hanlon, 50 days at $1.50 per day	75 00
By cash to same, 25 days at $1 p. d.	25 00
By cash paid Jas. and John Hanlon for shoveling snow	25 00
By probate	25
By order lifted	1 50
By cash rec'd from Co. Treas'r	28 72
paid Jas. Smith, Supev'r	
By work done by taxables on roads	223 85 $574 95

AUDITORS OF GALLITZIN TOWNSHIP in account with JAMES SMITH, Supervisor, for the year 1872:

DR.

To amount of Duplicate	$528 19
To cash rec'd from C. Hanlon (Co. Treas'r)	28 77
To order on John T. Storm, Sup't for '71,	64 47
To order on Supervisor	1 91
Total	$622 29

CR.

By exonerations	$ 2 35
By orders lifted and cash paid for work	56 05
By cash paid for 25 days work, at $1.50 per day (Jas. Smith)	39 00
By team 3 days, $4, (J. Smith, Sup.)	12 00
By horse and cart, 36 days, (James Smith, Supervisor)	72 00
By work done by taxables	311 39
By 87 days as Supervisor, at $1.50 per day, (James Smith,)	130 50 $623 20

We, the undersigned Auditors of Gallitzin Twp., having audited the foregoing accounts, do certify as above stated.

JOHN F. HILASLEY, } Auditors.
HUGH GALLAGHER, }
Attest—F. J. PARRISH, Twp. Clerk. [5-2.-3t.]

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT with the Supervisors of Blacklick Township for the year 1872:

JOHN FERGUSON, SUPERVISOR,
In account with Blacklick Township....Dr.

Apr. 9, '73—To balance of last year's tax	$ 32 57
" 14, '73—To Duplicate of road tax, 1872,	411 10
To Unseated Land taxes	140 03
To amount from Reuben Boring	8 98
To order on Supervisors for 1873	90 87
	$683 82

CR.

June, 1872—By work, old duplicate	$62 59
By one plough	10 00
By Altimus Ott	5 10
Apr. 14, '73—By am't ret'd to Com'rs.	29 28
By lost tax, Geo. Fore...	16
By " Jno. Patterson	1 00
By orders paid J. L. Edwards	4 12
" " " John B. Ross	5 10
" " " J. W. Duncan	8 32
" " " George Huntley	13 80
" " " Ed. James, printing	9 00
" " " E. A. McPike, printing	8 00
" work on roads	429 45
" cash paid for pick	1 75
" " " shovel	1 40
" " " 3 scoop handles	1 50
" Time	84 28
" two duplicates	1 00—683 82

REUBEN BORING, SUPERVISOR,
In account with Blacklick Township....Dr.

April 8, '72—To balance of last year's tax	$55 40
To duplicate of tax for 1672	467 31
Apr. 14, '73—To Unseated Land tax	100 00
	$622 71

CR.

June 1, '72—By work on roads	$ 74 06
Apr. 14, '72—By exonerations	1 30
By am't returned to Commission'rs	10 63
By work by Ross	63 31
By work by Boring	404 73
By time, etc	45 50
By six plough points, 70c. each	4 20
By putting timber out of roads	5 00
By repairing tools	5 00
By cash to Ferguson to bal'ce acc't	8 98—622 71

OUTSTANDING DEBTS.

Order to John Ferguson	$ 90 87
John Cameron, Auditor	3 00
Elias Rowland, "	1 50
John L. Edwards, "	3 25
John L. Edwards, smith work	4 74
John B. Ross, Township

Pen Portraits of Modoc Chiefs.

The following description of the personal appearance of the Modoc murderers is given by a correspondent of the San Francisco *Bulletin*:

CAPTAIN JACK.

Captain Jack, the chief of the tribe, and author of the villainous plot, is a full-blooded Modoc of about thirty years of age, though he looks much older. He has a good head, though like all Indians, the forehead is low and retreating. His complexion is dark, being a bright copper-color, and his eyes are black, full and piercing. His hair is long, hanging down to the shoulders, and his face is entirely destitute of beard. His mouth is large, and its shape indicates firmness and determination, though it by no means denotes cruelty and baseness—traits which Jack seems to possess above all others. In manner he is cool, self-possessed, and very dignified. He insists on being treated with the greatest respect by all with whom he comes in contact, and the chief ruler of 40,000,000 of people could not be a greater stickler for official etiquette than is this miserable savage. He never smiles. His greeting of his visitors on the occasion of the visit referred to was a splendid exhibition of indifference and haughtiness, notwithstanding at the time he was so ill he could not stand up. Before this act of treachery he was believed to be the soul of honor. Settlers in the neighborhood who had many dealings with him said that they never knew Captain Jack to do a mean or base act, nor would he knowingly permit any member of his band to do one. If any of the ranchmen ever complained of any act of peculation or other annoyance Jack was sure to visit punishment upon the head of the offender. He was elected chief of the tribe two or three years ago, and 'Squire Steele, of Yreka, acted as judge of election—a fact which has always made Steele Jack's fast friend. He was the last man in the tribe who it would be thought could be guilty of so base an act—an act entirely out of keeping with his past character.

JOHN SCHONCHIN.

John Schonchin, a brother of "Old Schonchin," Jack's predecessor in the office of chief, is a man about 40 years old. He is a lighter colored man than Jack, but is a great deal stouter, being broad-shouldered and quite corpulent. His hair is long and straight and his eyes small and expressionless. His face is pleasing in expression and he is much less determined in look than the younger chief. Schonchin is a rival to the place occupied by Captain Jack, he believing that he had a hereditary claim to the Modoc throne. Consequently he and Jack have not been on the best of terms, though in their horrible plot they seem to have worked together. He is the man who shot Meacham and inflicted the wounds from which the latter is likely to die. Schonchin, in all these peace negotiations, has been more exacting in his demands than even Jack himself. On the occasion of Steele's first visit to the lava beds, he was less friendly than any of the others. He even went so far as to accuse Steele of wishing to "talk with two tongues," and the latter had to make him a sharp speech in reply to prevent a recurrence of the insult.

BOSTON CHARLEY,

the man who shot and instantly killed the Rev. Dr. Thomas, is a young Indian about 22 years of age. He is practically white and his complexion quite clear. Hence the name of "Boston" given him by the Indians, which signifies white. He has no history at all, and gained no prominence in the tribe until the peace negotiations began, when he acted as messenger. He was one of the young savages who came out to Fairchild's with Steele and party to talk to General Canby about the first of March. The General treated them all very kindly, and their return for this, is his brutal massacre. "Boston" was believed to be one of the best dispositioned Indians in the tribe. He was good-humored, always laughing and talking, and seemed to like the whites better than the Indians. He was one of those indicted by the Oregon Grand Jury for the killing of the settlers, but he was known to have had nothing to do with that matter, being on the west side of the lake at the time.

HOOKA JIM.

This is one of the worst Indians in the whole tribe. He was the leader of the band who committed the murder in December. He is young, not over 21 or 22, but is large and powerful. He is not a Modoc proper, but belongs to a band of Indians known in Siskiyou as the "Como-Twashes." They are composed of remnants of several tribes, and have long been regarded as thieves and murderers. Two of them are in the Lava Bed—Hooka Jim and the "Doctor"—and even Captain Jack was said to be afraid of them. This Indian has a bad face. He, too, was one of those who came out with Steele, and was the only one that the *Chronicle* correspondent felt uneasy with, when on one occasion on the route he was left far behind alone with him. It was getting late in the afternoon, and the party had yet ten miles to ride, when they struck the "divide," a gap in the mountain to the south of Little Klamath Lake. There were five whites and fourteen Indians. Steele and Fairchild led the party and as they came out of the trail and struck the Lost River road, Steele put spurs to his horse and the whole party started for home on a gallop, the Indians riding along heavily armed, with their feathers and fox tails flying like so many pennants. They yelled and howled, and the party came down the slope like flying Tam O'Shanters. Something getting wrong with the *Chronicle* man's saddle, he stopped to fix it, which took nearly twenty minutes. Hooka Jim and Curly-headed Jack, another Indian that it would not do to trust far, seeing the correspondent stop, rode on a few hundred yards and stopped also. When the latter mounted he saw his own party fully two miles ahead going like the wind. He started on a run to catch them, and then the two Indians joined him, and all three went down the valley on a dead run. The Indians rode their ponies one on either side and seemed to be highly tickled at the correspondent's somewhat unskilful handling of his horse,—Then they began a series of movements designed to frighten the latter and make him deposit his precious burden in the sage brush, and once Hooka Jim, with a yell, deliberately spurred his pony directly against the horse—a movement that nearly accomplished the desired object. On the whole it was an uncomfortable ride, and the reporter breathed much freer when he came up with Steele.

BLACK JIM.

This is another of the murderers of the settlers. He is a tall, savage-looking fellow, with a very dark, thin face. He is about thirty years old, and is one of the most desperate warriors in the band.

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JOHN P. LINTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Johnstown, Pa. Office in building southwest corner of Main and Franklin streets, upstairs. Entrance on Franklin street.

WILLIAM KITTELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonnade Row, Center street. [1-20.-tf.]

GHOSTS.

A very remarkable detection of [illegible] through the alleged appearance of [illegible] occurred in 1724.

A farmer, returning home [illegible] Southam market in Warwickshire, appeared by the way. Next day [illegible] sented himself at the farm house and [illegible] the wife if her husband had come [illegible]

"No," she replied; "and I am in the utmost anxiety and terror."

"Your terror," said he, "cannot be mine; for last night as I lay in bed awake, the apparition of your husband appeared to me. He showed several ghastly stabs in his body, which lying in a marl pit."

The pit was searched, the body found, and the stabs, in number and position, answered in every way to the description given by the ghost-seer. As the spectre had named a certain man as culprit; and this person was committed prison and brought to trial at Warwick, the crime, before a jury and Chief Justice Sir Robert Raymond, who was succeeded by Sir Philip Yorke. The jury would have brought in a verdict of guilty, but checked them by saying:

"Gentlemen, you lay more stress on allegations of this apparition than they will bear. I cannot give credit to any kind of stories. We are now in a land of law, and must determine according to law, and I know not of any law which will admit of the testimony of an apparition; yet, if it did, doth the ghost appear? Is there evidence. Crier," he added, "call forth the ghost."

The farmer's spirit being called and summoned in vain, Sir Robert addressed the jury on the indirect testimony of character of the man accused, and asserted a belief in his perfect innocence, adding, "I do strongly suspect that the gentleman who saw the apparition himself is the murderer, and knew of the stab and marl-pit without any other natural assistance; hence I fear he cannot be justified in committing him to jail, or even until further inquiries are made."

The result of this was, that the [illegible] ing his house sufficient proofs of his innocence were found; he confessed his crime, and was executed at the next assizes.

In the list of the officers of the [illegible] third Regiment, when serving in America, Cornwallis in America, and then of the First West York, who had formerly been [illegible] of Captain (afterward Sir John) Sherbrooke and Lieutenant George Ward. The former had served in the Thirty-third from the Pontac Own Regiment. These young men, [illegible] similar in tastes and very attached to each other, spent much of their time in [illegible] society, and when on duty were rarely apart. One evening Sherbrooke and Wynward's quarters. The latter, [illegible] they were seated had two doors [illegible] led into the common passage of the barrack, the other into Wynward's room, from which there was no other [illegible] of egress.

Both officers were engaged in conversation, Sherbrooke, on raising his eyes, [illegible] suddenly saw a young man about [illegible] years of age open the entrance door and advance into the room. The latter was [illegible] ghastly and thin, as if in the last stage of a mortal malady. Startled at the sight, Captain Sherbrooke called Wynward's attention to their [illegible] visitor. In the moment the lieutenant saw him [illegible] ashy white and [illegible] sunk, but ere he could recover, the figure had disappeared, both and entered the [illegible] "Good God—[illegible]" exclaimed Wynward.

"Your brother!" repeated Sherbrooke in great perplexity. "There must be some mistake in all this. Follow me!"

They entered the [illegible] tenantless; and Sherbrooke [illegible] certainly not soothed by Wynward's hearing his conviction that from the moment believed he had seen a spectre; and [illegible] mutually took a note of the day and hour at which this inexplicable affair occurred.

Wynward at times tried to [illegible] himself that they might have been deceived by the practical joke of some [illegible] cer; yet his mind was evidently [illegible] assed by it, that when he retired to [illegible] occurred, all had the good taste to [illegible] hold comments, and to await with [illegible] the then slow arrival of the [illegible] When the latter came, there was [illegible] for every officer in the regiment [illegible] Wynward, whose hopes began [illegible] there was one solitary letter for [illegible] which he had no sooner read [illegible] changed color and left the mess [illegible] long he returned and said:

"Wynward's young brother is [illegible] no more!" The whole contents were as follows: "Dear John, your friend Wynward the death [illegible] vorite brother."

He had died at the very hour [illegible] tion had appeared in that room [illegible] barrack. Strange though the [illegible] veracity of the witnesses was [illegible] able; and Archdeacon Wrangham [illegible] to it in his edition of Butler's [illegible] Play the younger, believed [illegible